

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I AM about to make a very original observation. I hope its truth may equal its originality. It is, that the man who has never had a sister, is, at his first entrance into life, far more the slave of feminine captivations, than he who has been brought up in a "house full of girls." "Oh, for shame, Mr. Potts! Is this the gallantry we have heard so much of? Is this the spirit of that chivalrous devotion you have been incessantly impressing upon us?" Wait a moment, fair creature; give me one half-minute for an explanation. He who has not had sisters, has had no experiences of the behind-scene life of the female world; he has never heard one syllable about the plans, and schemes, and devices by which hearts are snared. He fancies Mary stuck that moss-rose in her hair in a moment of childish caprice; that Kate ran after her little sister and showed the prettiest of ankles in doing it, out of the irrepressible gaiety of her buoyant spirits. In a word, he is one who only sees the play when the house is fully lighted, and all the actors in their grand costume; he has never witnessed a rehearsal, and has not the very vaguest suspicion of a prompter.

To him, therefore, who has only experienced the rough companionship of brothers—or worse still, has lived entirely alone—the first acquaintanceship with the young-lady world is such a fascination as no words can describe. The gentle look, the graceful gestures, the silvery voices, all the play and action of natures so infinitely more refined than any he has ever witnessed, are inexpressibly captivating. It is not alone the occupations of their hours, light, graceful, and picturesque as they are, but all their topics, their thoughts, seem to soar out of that common-place world he has lived in, and rise to ideal realms of poetry and beauty. I say it advisedly: I do not know of anything so truly Elysian in life as our first—our very first—experiences of this kind.

Werther's passion for Charlotte received a powerful impulse from watching her as she cut bread-and-butter for the children. There are vulgar natures who will smile at this; who cannot enter into the intense far-sightedness of that poetic conception; that could in one trait of simplicity embody a whole lifetime with its

ennobling duties, its cheerful sacrifices, its gracefully borne cares. Let him, therefore, who could sneer at Werther, scoff at Potts, as he owns that he never felt his heart so powerfully drawn to Kate Herbert as when he watched her making tea for breakfast. Dressed in a muslin that represented mourning, her rich hair plainly enclosed in a net, with a noiseless motion, she glided about, an ideal of gentle sadness, more fascinating than I can tell. If she bore any unpleasant memory of our little difference, she did not show it; her manner was calm and even kind. She felt, perhaps, that some compensation was due to me for the rudeness of that old woman, and was not unwilling to make it.

"You know we are to rest here to-day?" said she, as she busied herself at the table.

"I heard it by a mere chance, and from the courier," said I, peevishly. "I am not quite certain in what capacity Mrs. Keats condescends to regard me, that I am treated with such scant courtesy. Probably you would be kind enough to ascertain this point for me?"

"I shall assuredly not ask," said she, with a smile.

"I certainly promised her brother—I could not do less for a colleague, not to say something more—that I'd see this old lady safe over the Alps. They are looking out for me anxiously enough at Constantinople all this while; in fact, I suspect there will be a nice confusion there through my delay, and I'd not be a bit surprised if they begin to believe that stupid story in the Nord. I suppose you saw it?"

"No. What is it about?"

"It is about your humble servant, Miss Herbert, and hints that he has received one hundred purses from the sheiks of the Lebanon not to reach the Golden Horn before they have made their peace with the Grand Vizier."

"And is of course untrue?"

"Of course, every word of it is a falsehood; but there are "gobemouches" will believe anything. Mark my words, and see if this allegation be not heard in the House of Commons, and some Tower Hamlets member start up to ask if the Foreign Secretary will lay on the table copies of the instructions given to a certain person, and supposed to be credentials of a nature to supersede the functions of our ambassador at the Porte. In confidence, between ourselves, Miss Herbert, so they are! I am entrusted

with full powers about the Hatti Homayoum, as the world shall see in good time."

"Do you take your tea strong?" asked she; and there was something so odd and so inopportune in the question, that I felt it as a sort of covert sneer; but when I looked up and beheld that pale and gentle face turned towards me, I banished the base suspicion, and forgetting all my enthusiasm, said,

"Yes, dearest; strong as brandy!"

She tried to look grave, perhaps angry; but in spite of herself, she burst out a laughing.

"I perceive, sir," said she, "that Mrs. Keats was quite correct when she said that you appear to have moments in which you are unaware of what you say."

Before I could rally to reply, she had poured out a cup of tea for Mrs. Keats, and left the room to carry it to her.

"Moments in which I am unaware of what I say"—'incoherent intervals' Forbes Winslow would call them: in plain English, I am mad. Old woman, have you dared to cast such an aspersion on me, and to disparage me, too, in the quarter where I am striving to achieve success? For her opinion of me I am less than indifferent; for her judgment of my capacity, my morals, my manners, I am as careless as I well can be of anything; but these become serious disparagements when they reach the ears of one whose heart I would make my own. I will insist on an explanation—no, but an apology—for this. She shall declare that she used these words in some non-natural sense—that I am the sanest of mortals; she shall give it under her hand and seal: 'I, the undersigned, having in a moment of rash and impatient judgment, imputed to the bearer of this document, Algernon Sydney Potts'—No, 'Pottinger'—ha, there is a difficulty! If I be Pottinger, I can never re-become Potts; if Potts, I am lost—or, rather, Miss Herbert is lost to me for ever. What a dire embarrassment! Not to mention that in the passport I was Ponto!"

"Mrs. Keats desired me to beg you will step up to her room after breakfast, and bring your account-books with you." This was said by Miss Herbert as she entered and took her place at the table.

"What has the old lady got in her head?" said I, angrily. "I have no account-books—I never had such in my life. When I travel alone, I say to my courier, 'Diomedé'—he is a Greek—'Diomedé, pay;' and he pays. When Diomedé is not with me, I ask, 'How much?' and I give it."

"It certainly simplifies travel," said she, gravely.

"It does more, Miss Herbert: it accomplishes the end of travel. Your doctor says, 'Go abroad—take a holiday—turn your back on Downing-street, and bid farewell to cabinet councils.' Where is the benefit of such a course, I ask, if you are to pass the vacation cursing custom-house officers, bullying landlords, and browbeating waiters? I say always, 'Give me a bad dinner if you must, but do not derange my

digestion; rather a damp bed than thorns in the pillow."

"I am to say that you will see her, however," said she, with that matter-of-fact adhesiveness to the question that never would permit her to join me in my digressions.

"That I go under protest, Miss Herbert—under protest, and, as the lawyers say, without prejudice—that is, that I go as a private gentleman, irresponsible and independent. Tell her this, and say, I know nothing of figures: arithmetic may suit the Board of Trade; in the Foreign Department we ignore it. You may add, too, if you like, that from what you have seen of me, I am of a haughty disposition, easily offended, and very vindictive—very!"

"But I really don't think this," said she, with a bewitching smile.

"Not to you, de—" I was nearly in it again: "not to you," said I, stammering and blushing till I felt on fire. I suspect that she saw all the peril of the moment, for she left the room hurriedly, on the pretext of asking Mrs. Keats to take more tea.

"She is sensible of your devotion, Potts; but is she touched by it? Has she said to herself, 'That man is my fate, my destiny—it is no use resisting him; dark and mysterious as he is, I am drawn towards him by an inscrutable sympathy'—or is she still struggling in the toils, muttering to her heart to be still, and to wait? Flutter away, gentle creature," said I, compassionately, "but ruffle not your lovely plumage too roughly; the bars of your cage are not the less impassable that they are invisible. You *shall* love me, and you *shall* be mine!"

To these rapturous fancies there now succeeded the far less captivating thought of Mrs. Keats, and an approaching interview. Can any reader explain why it is that one sits in quiet admiration of some old woman by Teniers or Holbein, and never experiences any chagrin or impatience at trials which, if only represented in life, would be positively odious? Why is it that art transcends nature, and that ugliness in canvas is more endurable than ugliness in the flesh? Now, for my own part, I'd rather have faced a whole gallery of the Dutch school, from Van Eyck to Verhagen, than have confronted that one old lady who sat awaiting me in No. 12.

Twice as I sat at my breakfast did François put in his head, look at me, and retire without a word. "What is the matter? What do you mean?" cried I, impatiently, at the third intrusion.

"It is madam that wishes to know when monsieur will be at leisure to go up-stairs to her."

I almost bounded on my chair with passion. How was I, I would ask, to maintain any portion of that dignity with which I ought to surround myself if exposed to such demands as this? This absurd old woman would tear off every illusion in which I draped myself. What availed all the romance a rich fancy could conjure up, when that wicked old enchantriss called

me to her presence, and in a voice of thunder said, "Strip off these masqueradings, Potts, I know the whole story." "Ay, but," thought I, "she cannot do so; of me and my antecedents she knows positively nothing." "Halt there!" interposes Conscience; "it is quite enough to pronounce the coin base without being able to say at what mint it was fabricated. She knows you, Potts, she knows you!"

There is one great evil in castle-building, and I have thought very long and anxiously, and I must own fruitlessly, over how to meet it: it is that one never can get a lease of the ground to build on. One is always, like an Irish cottier, a tenant at will, likely to be turned out at a moment's notice, and dispossessed without pity or compassion. The same language applies to each: "You know well, my good fellow, you had no right to be there; pack up and be off!" It's no use saying that it was a bit of waste land unfenced and untilled; that, until you took it in hand, it was overgrown with nettles and duckweed; that you dispossessed no one, and such-like." The answer is still the same, "Where's your title? Where's your lease?"

Now, I am curious to hear what injury I was inflicting on that old woman at No. 12 by any self-deceptions of mine? Could the most exaggerated estimate I might form of myself, my present, or my future, in any degree affect *her*? Who constituted her a sort of ambulatory conscience, to call people's hearts to account at a moment's notice? It may be seen by the tone of these reflections, that I was fully impressed with the belief that through some channel, or by some clue, Mrs. Keats knew all my history, and intended to use her knowledge tyrannically over me.

Oh, that I could only retaliate! Oh, that I had only the veriest fragment of her past life, out of which to construct her whole story. Just as out of a mastodon's molar Cuvier used to build up the whole monster, never omitting a rib, nor forgetting a vertebra! How I should like to say to her, and with a most significant sigh, "I knew poor Keats well!" Could I not make even these simple words convey a world of accusation, blended with bitter sorrow and regret?

François again, and on the same errand. "Say, I am coming; that I have only finished a hasty breakfast, and that I am coming this instant," cried I. Nor was it very easy for me to repress the more impatient expressions which struggled for utterance, particularly as I saw, or fancied I saw, the fellow pass his hand over his mouth to hide a grin at my expense.

"Is Miss Herbert up-stairs?"

"No, sir, she is in the garden."

This was so far pleasant. I dreaded the thought of her presence at this interview, and I felt that punishment within the precincts of the gaol was less terrible than on the drop before the populace; and with this consoling reflection I mounted the stairs.

CHAPTER XIX.

I KNOCKED twice before I heard the permission to enter; but scarcely had I closed the

door behind me, than the old lady advanced, and curtsying to me with a manner of most reverential politeness, said, "When you learn, sir, that my conduct has been dictated in the interest of your safety, you will, I am sure, graciously pardon many apparent rudenesses in my manner towards you, and only see in them my zeal to serve you."

I could only bow to a speech, not one syllable of which was in the least intelligible to me. She conducted me courteously to a seat, and only took her own after I was seated.

"I feel, sir," said she, "that there will be no end to our embarrassments if I do not go straight to my object and say at once that I know you. I tell you frankly, sir, that my brother did not betray your secret. The instincts of his calling—to *him* second nature—were stronger than fraternal love, and all he said to me was, 'Martha, I have found a gentleman who is going south, and who, without inconvenience, can see you safely as far as Como.' I implicitly accepted his words, and agreed to set out immediately. I suspected nothing—I knew nothing. It was only before going down to dinner that the paragraph in the *Courrier du Dimanche* met my eye, and as I read it, I thought I should have fainted. My first determination was not to appear at dinner. I felt that something or other in my manner would betray my knowledge of your secret. My next was to go down and behave with more than usual sharpness. You may have remarked that I was very abrupt, almost, shall I say, rude?"

I tried to enter a dissent to this, but did not succeed so happily as I meant; but she resumed:

"At any cost, however, sir, I determined that I alone should be the depositary of your confidence. Miss Herbert is to me a comparative stranger; she is, besides, very young; she would be in no wise a suitable person to entrust with such a secret, and so I said, I will pretend illness, and remain here for a day; I will make some pretext of dissatisfaction about the expense of the journey; I will affect to have had some passing difference, and he can thus leave us ere he be discovered. Not that I desire this, sir, far from it; this is the brightest episode in a long life. I never imagined that I should have enjoyed such an honour; but I have only to think of your safety, and if an old woman, unobservant, and unmarking as myself, could penetrate your disguise, why not others more keen-sighted and inquisitive? Don't you agree with me?"

"There is much force in what you say, madam," said I, with dignity, "and your words touch me profoundly." I thought this a happy expression, for it conveyed a sort of grand condescension that seemed to hit off the occasion.

"You would never guess how I recognised you, sir," said she.

"Never, madam." I could have given my oath to this, if required.

"Well," said she, with a bland smile, "it was from the resemblance to your mother!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you are far more like *her*, than your father, and you are scarcely so tall as he was."

"Perhaps not, madam."

"But you have his manner, sir, the graceful and captivating dignity that distinguished all your house; this would betray you to the eyes of all who have enjoyed the high privilege of knowing your family."

The allusion to our house showed that we were royalties, and I laid my hand on my heart, and bowed as a prince ought, blandly but haughtily.

"Ah, sir," said she, with a deep sigh, "your present enterprise fills me with apprehension. Are you not afraid, yourself, of the consequences?"

I sighed, too, and if the truth were to be told, I was very much afraid.

"But, of course, you are acting under advice, and with the counsel of those well able to guide you."

"I cannot say I am, madam; I am free to tell you, that every step I am now taking is self-suggested."

"Oh, then, let me implore you to pause, sir," said she, falling on her knees before me, "let me thus entreat of you not to go further in a path so full of danger."

"Shall I confess, madam," said I, proudly, "that I do not see these dangers you speak of?"

I thought that on this hint she would talk out, and I might be able to pierce the veil of the mystery, and discover who I was; for though very like my mother, and shorter than my father, I was sorely puzzled about my parentage; but she only went off into generalities about the state of the Continent, and the condition of Europe generally. I saw now that my best chance of ascertaining something about myself, was to obtain from her the newspaper that first suggested her discovery of me, and I said half carelessly, "Let me see the paragraph which struck you in the *Courier*."

"Ah, sir, you must excuse me, these ignoble writers have little delicacy in alluding to the misfortunes of the great; they seem to revenge the littleness of their own station on every such occasion."

"You can well imagine, madam, how time has accustomed me to such petty insults: show me the paper."

"Pray let me refuse you, sir; I would not, however blamelessly, be associated in your mind with what might offend you."

Again I protested that I was used to such attacks, that I knew all about the wretched hireling creatures who wrote them, and that instead of offending, they positively amused me—actually made me laugh.

Thus urged, she proceeded to search for the newspaper, and only after some minutes was it that she remembered Miss Herbert had taken it away to read in the garden. She proposed to send the servant to fetch it, but this I would not permit, pretending at last to censure in her own previously expressed contempt for the para-

graph—but secretly promising myself to go in search of it the moment I should be at liberty—and once more she resumed the theme of my rashness, and my dangers, and all the troubles I might possibly bring upon my family, and the grief I might occasion my grandmother.

Now as there are few men upon whom the ties of family and kindred imposed less rigid bonds, I was rather provoked at being reminded of obligations to my grandmother, and was almost driven to declare that she weighed for very little in the balance of my plans and motives. The old lady, however, rescued me from the indiscretion by a fervent entreaty that I would at least ask a certain person what he thought of my present step.

"Will you do this?" said she, with tears in her eyes. "Will you do it, now?"

I promised her faithfully.

"Will you do it here, sir, at this table, and let me have the proudest memory in my life to recall the incident."

"I should like an hour or two for reflection," said I, pushed very hard by this insistence of hers, for I was sorely puzzled whom I was to write to.

"Oh!" said she, still tearfully, "is it not the habit of hesitating, sir, has cost your house so dearly?"

"No," said I, "we have been always accounted prompt in action and true to our engagements."

Heaven forgive me! but in this vainglorious speech I was alluding to the motto of the Potts' crest, "*Vigilantibus omnia fausta*;" or, as some one rendered it, "Potts answers to the night-bell."

She smiled faintly at my remark. I wonder how she would have looked had she read the thought that suggested it.

"But you *will* write to him, sir?" said she once more.

I laid my hand over what anatomists call the region of the heart, and tried to look like Charles Edward in the prints. Meanwhile, my patience was beginning to fail me, and I felt that if the mystification were to last much longer I should infallibly lose my presence of mind. Fortunately, the old lady was so full of her theme that she only asked to be let talk away without interruption, with many an allusion to the dear Count and the adored Duchess, and a fervent hope that I might be ultimately reconciled to them both, a wish which I had tact enough to perceive required the most guarded reserve on my part.

"I know I am indiscreet, sir," said she, at last; "but you must pardon one whose zeal outruns her reason."

And I bowed grandly, as I might have done in extending mercy to some captive taken in battle.

"There is but one favour more, sir, I have to beg."

"Speak it, madam. As the courtier remarked, if it be possible it *is* done, if impossible it *shall* be done."

"Well, sir, it is that you will not leave us till you hear from——" She hesitated, as if afraid to say the name, and then added, "the Rue St. Georges. Will you give me this pledge?"

Now, though this would have been, all things considered, an arrangement very like to have lasted my life, I could not help hesitating ere I assented, not to say that our dear friend of the Rue St. Georges, whoever he was, might possibly not concur in all the delusions indispen- sible to my happiness. I therefore demurred—that is, in legal acceptance, I deferred assent—as though to say, "We'll see."

"At all events, sir, you'll accompany us to Como?"

"You have my pledge to that, madam."

"And meanwhile, sir, you agree with me that it is better I should continue to behave towards you with a cold and distant reserve."

"Unquestionably."

"Rarely meeting, seldom or never conversing."

"I should say, never, madam; making, in fact, any communication you may desire to reach me through the intervention of that young person—I forget her name."

"Miss Herbert, sir."

"Exactly; and who appears gentle and unobtrusive."

"She is a gentlewoman by birth, sir," said the old lady, tetchily.

"I have no doubt of it, madam, or she would not be found in association with *you*."

She curtsied deeply at the compliment, and I bowed as low, and backing and bowing I gained the door, dying with eagerness to make my escape.

"Will you pardon me, sir, if, after all the agitation of this meeting, I may not feel equal to appear at dinner to-day?"

"You will charge that young person to give me news of your health, however," said I, insinuating that I expected to see Miss Herbert.

"Certainly, sir; and if it be your pleasure that she should dine with you, to preserve appearances——"

"You are right, madam; your remark is full of wisdom. I shall expect to meet her." And again I bowed low, and ere she recovered from another reverential curtsy, I had closed the door behind me, and was half way down stairs.

FASHIONS.

FROM the tattooed and blue-dyed Briton of A.D. 45 to the flounced and furbelowed finery of Charles the Second, Anne, and the Georges; from that flounced and furbelowed finery to our own simpler luxury, tailors and seamstresses have had a long way to go, and a series of tremendous revolutions to effect. All sorts of interests have been ruined in the process; all sorts of trades created only to be destroyed at the next turn of the wheel: button-makers, fringe-makers, ribbon-makers, silk weavers, barbers, boot-makers, spanglers, and bead-makers, have cried out piteously in turn as the inexorable

course of Fashion swept down their workshops, and flung their wares to one side, branding them with that fatal mark "unfashionable," which rendered them useless and unsaleable for ever. But the tailors and the seamstresses, and that inexorable Fashion, marched on their appointed way, accompanied by the cries of hungry children and the ruin of families, which inaugurated every change that was made. A pitiful necessity, but one scarcely to be avoided by any royal enactments, sumptuary laws, or courtly patronage possible to be given.

Mr. Fairholt tells us in his admirable and picturesque History of Costume, that the old Britons were not clothed only in paint-priekes, as it has pleased people to say; they had cloaks and mantles of the skins of beasts—the favourite was that of a brindled or spotted cow; and after the Phœnicians had been to give them a few hints, they wove coarse cloths of wool and flax, which they dyed scarlet, and purple, and blue, and yellow, but which they always flung off in battle, and made themselves a dress by no means to be despised for comfort and elegance. Full loose bracees tied round the ankle with a cord and ending in a kind of fringe or frill above the foot; a tunic reaching below the knee, and girt at the waist with a belt; a long classic-looking mantle, fastened at the neck or on the shoulder by a massive brooch; a cap of the true Phrygian cut, and soft shoes or high-lows of untanned leather, with the woolly side inward, completed a costume which the Bloomers of our own time, with more ill-luck than unreason, unconsciously copied as both graceful and convenient. In later days a Roman emperor himself adopted a barbarian fashion of dress, and wore the caracalla, a tunic like our modern frock-coat, close fitting, and slit up before and behind as far as the waist. Aurelius Antoninus, who had been born in Gaul, where this garment was of common use, was wise enough to prefer usefulness to grace, so took to the tunic instead of the toga, and got the nickname of Caracalla for his pains; but the Roman people gradually adopted this distinction as a matter of national costume, and the nickname and the laughter did nothing for the old toga-makers. It was a pity, perhaps, that the fashion had such an evil patron; but fashions have never been very regardful of morals in any shape. The Romans laughed at the British bracees, and, as all men follow their leaders, these useful articles of dress became discarded, to be afterwards replaced by swathes and bandages, and then by "brech," or breeches proper, and hose. The ladies wore the "gwn," whence our modern gown, an upper tunic, a mantle, and a hood; and at this period—the Anglo-Saxon of the tenth century—the British costume was all that could be desired for grace, chasteness, and simplicity. But it was not a good working costume. Those long sleeves and trailing robes, those sweeping folds and kingly majesty of drapery, did admirably for show, but not for use; and for this reason we find the soldiers and husbandmen going back to less picturesque forms, till long gowns and cum-

bersome mantles were left only to women, priests, kings, and nobles not "on active service," as representatives of the idle classes of society, with whom freedom of action was no want.

As every man of the upper ranks was a warrior, and as dandyism is an instinct with men, arms and armour came in for the greatest number of changes, and took the place of the later gowns and tunics. No fine lady of later growth ever went beyond those grave old mediæval knights in restlessness of finery or gorgeousness of display. They were never satisfied. Now the armour was trellised, now masceled, now tegulated, now sealed, now rusted, now of chain mail, now of plate; the cap or helmet had now a nasal or nose-piece, which fashion was discontinued after the battle of Lincoln, when Stephen was seized by his nose-piece and held prisoner without being able to help himself; and then went on to berrels and kettles and inverted saucupans, and close-fitting nightcaps, and long beak-shaped vizors with eye-slits and breathing-holes, and little trap-doors for hearing, and a funnel at the top to hold the long waving plume of feathers. The offensive armour followed the same law of change and ornamentation, even to the gadlyngs on the steel gauntlets—mightily like our present knuckle dusters—which gadlyngs were originally spikes on the finger-joints, and then grew into bosses in the shape of lions and leopards on the hand; while the robe of idlesse, the house dress, showed a wantonness of fancy in shape and colour, and such a wantonness of expenditure as called forth the severest sumptuary laws, which, however, no one attended to. In the time of Richard the Second, even the very serving-men trailed about in scarlet robes twenty yards wide, with sleeves "blazing like to cranes' wings," sweeping to the ground; while the nobles wore their mantles and loose sleeves of cloth of gold, velvet, ermine, miniver, and all other extravagant materials in such excess of length and width as would startle the most unconscientious court milliner living. The manner was as strange as the material. Edged with a fine bordering, leaf-shaped—which fashion of robe the king disapproving for his subjects, declared forfeit to himself, with imprisonment during the royal pleasure for the unfortunate tailor who devised and served such ungodly fancies—sometimes parti-coloured, so that the body went into a quartering of various hues, like an elongated kaleidoscope—stiff with golden needlework, and powdered with pearls—the family arms blazoned on skirt and sleeve and tunic and mantle—always fantastic in design, glaring in colour, and ruinous in cost, the house dress of the noble in the middle ages offers a wild variety of human costume, and shows the milliners and tailors of the day in the light of true inventors. But the boots—the feet covering—they and the head-dresses went beyond all else in extravagance and no-meaningness. The old good soft shoes of untanned leather, which must have been deliciously comfortable, were soon set aside, and then came vagaries in scarlet, and green, and blue, embroidered in gold and

precious stones; some, with a fretwork of gold, and a golden lion or fleur-de-lis in each square; some, with large rose-windows; some in geometric patterns of various designs such as Mr. Owen Jones would have loved; some, starred; some, banded along and across; some, of one simple colour bound with black; some, parti-coloured; and others with one foot blue and the other red; one white and the other black. The shapes were as odd as the rest. From honest shoes close fitting to the foot, they suddenly abandoned their natural intention, and lengthened out into peaks fashioned like a ship's prow—ocrea rostrata, specially forbidden to the clergy; then they grew into the likeness of a scorpion's tail, pigacia; then a courtier in Stephen's time, one Robert, stuffed his scorpion's tail toes with hay, and hoisted them into the shape of a ram's horn, for which feat he earned the title of cornado; and then came the preposterous peaks called crackowes or poulaines, by some termed devils' claws, which were fastened by chains to the wearer's knee. Even armed men wore these crackowes under the name of solletterets, and looped them up to their genouillères or steel knee-caps, with links as big as a ship's cable. Henry the Sixth patronised half-boots laced at the sides, like our own; also shoes and clogs, called galage, the parent both in name and form of our goloshes; and then came the inevitable reaction against the devils' claws, and the toes widened out into broad purse-like forms, called ducks' bills, all purpled and slashed and furbelowed, till the foot was a monstrosity of another kind, and quite as ugly as the former. The enormous shoe roses of Elizabeth's time were the next article of foot fashion; and then came cork soles, about the most sensible things we have met with yet. The shoe roses were sometimes very costly; three, four, and five pounds the pair being no uncommon price to pay; while one gallant of the times paid thirty pounds for his, to the distraction and envy of all beholders. Eastern chopines, or high sandaled clogs, like what they use in the Turkish baths at this day, were for a time in vogue, but they never took the lower public; and then burst out the full-blown finery of the Cavalier age, when the roses and laces and embroidery and fine leather made the purchase of a pair of boots a matter of anxious calculation, and a serious curtailment of the family beef and mutton. Tailorism was in the ascendant under the Charleses; and no expense was held too great for a fit personal adornment; so, when the young bloods spent a pretty little fortune on their feet, it is to be remembered that they had sunk a larger one on every other part of their persons. We are all familiar with this Charles boot, with its wide soft top turned down to show the rich lace lining; we all know the indescribable air of full dress and rioting swagger which it gives; and, convenient or inconvenient, extravagant or no, assuredly it is the most beautiful form of masculine foot-covering yet invented. Indeed, the whole dress of that period was the most picturesque we have ever had. It would scarcely do for our grave,

dusty, toilsome days, but it was wonderfully beautiful—shoulder-knots, loose shirts, slashed sleeves, ribboned breeches, jaunty cloaks, feathered caps, rich ruffs and falling bands of daintiest lace, gauntlet gloves—everything, in short, save the flowing periwig of dead men's hair, which yet harmonised so well with all the rest. From the turned-down boot of Cavalier and Puritan, we come to the stiff jack-boot of James the Second and the highwaymen; and then to the red heels of the dandies of Queen Anne's liking, when various Sir Plumes minced by the side of our great-great-grandmothers at Ranelagh, the beautiful young women in hoops and patches, tottering gracefully on crimson heels set well under the foot, with bows and buckles worth a fortune on the instep. And then was invented the pump or flat shoe, with no heels at all, as we wear them now in-doors; and then, in a little time longer, the buckle-makers set up a loud cry, and petitioned the Prince of Wales to insist on the British nation wearing buckles, for it was running wild into bad taste and sobriety, and they, the buckle-makers, were starving. And now, last of all, is our modern revival of high heels, not yet coloured red, and the fond ambition of our fashionable girls to appear in boots originally copied from the pattern of a railway navvy's, but baptised into refinement by the name of Balmorals.

Hair and head-dresses come next; in fact, they ought to have come first, before boots and shoes and everything else, for they are the most wild and wonderful of all the wild and wonderful things man has from time to time fashioned for his disfigurement. The old painted Britons wore long hair falling to the shoulders in grand massy lengths, a trifle the worse for want of combs and brushes; and the fashion continued, with one or two temporary shortenings, to the time of Henry the Sixth, when it was cut close and round, like a charity-school boy's round a basin. Henry the Seventh brought back the older fashion. Henry the Eighth cut closer. The Cavaliers wore long love-locks, meandering over their shoulders as low as the elbow; while the stricter Puritans preached against the mode, and some of them cropped themselves close as shorn sheep. But the nobler sort wore theirs long, straight, and parted down the middle, though they were held near to perdition by the saints for the same. Charles the Second patronised periwigs, first brought into England in the time of Henry the Eighth, which monarch spent twenty shillings on a perwyke for Sexton, his fool; and from Charles to the youthful days of our own papas, wigs of all shapes have had a long reign over the world of fashion, if not a handsome one. Marvellous were the various forms of these periwigs. Huge Cape-sheep tails tied with monstrous blue bows; long flows of wool, pluffy and full, flapping down to the waist, like exaggerated spaniels' ears, things large enough for a camel's load, and bearing a bushel of powder; campaigns, bobs, pigtails, bags, toupees, like sugar-loaves, both male and female, the male with a row of cannon curls at the nape of

the neck, the female bordered to the apex of the pyramid with rolls like Brobdingnagian sausages: pigeons' wings, comets, and cauliflowers, royal birds, staircases, ladders, and brushes, wild boars' backs, temples, rhinoceroses, corded wolf's paws, Count Saxe's mode, the dragons, the rose, the crutch, the negligent, the chancellor, the cut bob, the long bob, and the Jansenist bob, the half natural, the chain buckle and the corded buckle, the drop wig, the snail's back, spinage seed, and artichoke, were a few of the names given to these creations of tow, powder, and nastiness. Dandies combed their perukes in the streets and public places, and to do so gracefully and with the proper air was a matter of grave education. A wig-maker wrote over a picture of Absalom and David, which served as his sign,

O Absalom! O Absalom!

O Absalom my son!

If thou hadst worn a periwig,
Thou hadst not been undone!"

Louis the Fifteenth tied a bit of black ribbon loosely round his neck, and fastened it in a bow to his pigtail behind, then called it a solitaire, and not the least distinctive mark of the later French revolutionists was their manner of dressing the hair. Also, they adopted the hideous chimney-pot, which has survived better things. The head-coverings were as strange as the heads. In olden times the men wore hoods with long tails called liripipes, which they wound round their heads like a turban in many bands, or swathes; then they wore caps with high feathers, and round felt hats like our wide-awakes, and close skull-caps surmounted with a heap of jagged and cut cointoise furbelows falling in a confused mass of intentional rags about the head and neck—a fashion perpetuated in the Garter Knights' hoods, now slung over the shoulder; and they wore peaked hats with feathers, and peaked hats without feathers, scarlet caps, and the close-fitting beretta, chimney-pots of taffetas and velvets, with a couple of feathers curled like the tail of the lyre bird of Paradise, and broad brims and funnels, and broad brims and peaked crowns, and jaunty looped brims with soft drooping feathers, as in the days of Charles the Second, and cocked-hats edged with feathers, and cocked-hats edged with gold lace, and the original chimney-pots of the Revolution; and the hideous chimney-pots of 1860, and the wide-awakes for artists, and pork-pies for flashy young men, and cricket-caps, and boating-caps, and a host of others: but always the head covering of respectability and state—the high, ugly, cylindrical chimney-pot at seventeen-and-sixpence, best quality.

But the women outvied the men in the exaggeration of their head-gear. In early times, the times of knight and squire and historic fable, they plaited their hair into long pendent tails, which they then put up snugly into silken cases, not unlike our umbrella cases; a little later, in Chaucer's time, they wore caul's of golden network adorned with jewels, and every woman with any pretensions to beauty had yellow hair, which she dyed

to the required shade when Nature had been perverse, and given them chesnut for gold. They oscillated between flowing curls, or smoother tresses hidden carefully away under golden caul and hoods with long liripipes like monkeys' tails, until Elizabeth's time, when, with one accord, they concealed their locks beneath nets and caps, save on their wedding-day, when the tresses flowed free and wide, unconfined by coif or caul. Elizabeth powdered her hair with gold-dust, and rolled it over cushions, and heaped up her head with jewels and finery, till she made herself what women call a fright; but Marie Stuart knew the alphabet of beauty too well for that, and fashioned one of the prettiest head-dresses ever worn. The ladies of James the First's time, wore curls in inverted pyramids, descending in huge waves of hairy increase down to the falling band or collar; and the ladies of Charles the Second's time took a simpler turn and revelled in *crêve-cœurs*, and favourites, love-locks, confidants, and ringlets, as we all know by heart and Sir Peter Lely. Some dressed their heads *à la mode*: that is, bushed out at the brow, like a bull's head; and some had wire frames over which they rolled their hair, till they made huge fat puddings at each side of the face, then they put high plaited lace turrets on their heads, towering in three stages; and then came the monstrous ugliness of the eighteenth century. Stiff with pomatum and powder, strained and pinned and puffed out in all directions, lung about with huge glass beads, and ropes and coils of golden cord, and piled up with ribbons and flowers and feathers, the women framed their heads into objects of utter ugliness, unlike anything in heaven or earth. A lady's head at that time took many hours to dress, and lasted from three to nine weeks unopened. It is scarcely necessary to say in what state it was usually found when that period of investigation arrived. All sorts of strange things were worn then as ornaments. A sow and litter of pigs in blown glass, a coach, a chair and chairmen, a waggon, two or three dishes of fruit—nothing was too preposterous for a lady to wear lost behind the curls, and in among the powder and pomatum of her head; while a huge hat, top-heavy with feathers and gauze, was stuck on all this ugliness—the gauze lappets sometimes worked with the aces of spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds, which then gave the name of “quadrille heads” to these conglomerations. The more fashionable of both sexes used coloured hair powder; and Charles James Fox went back to the time of the Picts and Danes when he flourished about town with his red-heeled shoes, chapeau bras, and blue hair powder.

Many have been the head-dresses used for covering these wonderful arrangements of hair, some as wonderful as the hairdressing itself. Square-cut hoods and diamond-shaped hoods, like the lozenge windows of a church, immense horns, with long hanging veils, now single, like a unicorn, now double and cow-like; horse-shoes made of velvet and cloth of gold, extinguishers, and turbans and hoods with liri-

pipes trailing to the feet, and hoods with no liripipes at all, coifs sitting close to the face, and small Marie Stuart hats, surely the prettiest things to be had, flat straw hats spreading wide, or tied under the chin à la Pamela and virtue generally, monstrous baskets and calceches to wear over the monstrous towers of powder and pomatum just spoken of, feathered hats and hats like smart chimney-pots, and coal-scuttles, and helmets, pokes, fan-shaped hats, rational and jaunty hats, as of late, and irrational bonnets, as of late, meaning no bonnets at all, with such a world of turbans, caps, and toques as would take a moderate-sized encyclopædia to describe. The horns were the most extraordinary of all this assemblage, and excited, perhaps, the most wrath. A certain bishop encouraged the rabble to annoy every woman met in the streets wearing this obnoxious head-gear; and it was fine fun to the little vulgar boys of the period to follow the long-robed ladies, crying, “Hurte Belin,” and “Beware of the ram!” with the prospect of a ten days' pardon into the bargain. Women were always fair game to the satirists and moralists of every age; and among the very earliest records are to be found fierce onslaughts against them, and graphic descriptions of what the devils did with them when they died, as a punishment for their paint and finery. One lady took a little devil to church with her sitting on her train, his especial place; because the long train was then a new fashion, and the clergy did not like it.

Among the more curious arts of adornment was the custom of patches. Sun, moon, and stars, and a coach and six horses, crosses, circles, and cabalistic signs, artistically composed, made a very pretty face picture; patches on the one side signified Whig, on the other side, Tory; and a stanch lady Tory made once a sad mistake when, in her hurry, she patched the Whig side of her face and went to a grand rout, seeming to all the world the supporter of her enemies. The fashion came in during the reign of the first Charles, and was finely satirised. So were the large ruffs, stiffened with that “devil's liquor starche,” rendered more abominable still by being coloured blue or yellow. This fashion went out early—after Mrs. Turner was hung at Tyburn for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; she went to the gallows in a lawn ruff dyed yellow. Having been the inventor of yellow starch, yellow starch did not survive her. Hoops outlived the ridicule lavished upon them. Pyramidal, bell-shaped, cylindrical, they neither lessened nor collapsed, but held their own in all strut and state, even to the confusion of the well-disposed of our own times. But our ladies' hoops are mere toys compared to the enormous machines popular in the days of sacques, red heels, and mighty heads; scarcely to be remembered as of the same race, pigmies in the land of deceased giants. Nothing, indeed, is so outrageous as it was. Our most extravagant court dresses are not equal to the rich bandekyns, the cointoise mantles twelve yards round, with

sleeves trailing on the ground, the brocaded silks set full and heavy over the enormous hoops, the laces, and velvets, and slashes, and feathers of our forefathers and foremothers. We are a nation of quakers compared to them, and the most fantastic thing we wear is moderate itself compared to the vagaries rejoiced in by them. We have a few extravagances about us yet, a few wild beards, for instance, floating over the shoulders, and moustaches run up into a dagger's point, but the broad spade beard, and the two little tufts worn by Richard II., the horned moustaches and the vine-branch moustaches, the peaked beard, the mouse-eaten beard, the T beard, the stiletto, the swallow-tail, and the tile, were all more outrageous than the most outrageous things we do in that way. But we go in a circle too, only a circle ever widening. There were mannish young ladies in Queen Elizabeth's time and Sir Roger de Coverley's—"sir, or madam, as the case may be"—in coat, waistcoat, hat, and rapier, and there are mannish young ladies now, in vests, shirts, jackets, and cropped hair; there were "petticoat breeches" in the reign of the second Charles, and our living youth disport themselves in pettops; hoops once again encase "the fair," as it was the fashion to call them, and fashion still holds men to chimney-pots and swallow-tails. We have more sense of toilette fitness than when the Duchess of Queensberry went to a Bath ball in an apron, originally a *barne-cloth*, which Beau Nash took from her and flung indignantly behind the benches, but we still have our court costume when we look like people at a masquerade, and the Lord Chamberlain still writes unintelligible directions about plain linen and fringed. But patches have gone out, and a sow and her litter are no longer to be seen as ornaments in the hair; garters now are sober hidden supports, not bands of golden stuff jewelled; and gloves are simple and delicate, not a mass of gold thread, seed pearls, and fine lace tops, as in olden times. We still have stays; still hold to small waists, impossible feet, and strangulated hands; but on the whole we are very much wiser than our ancestors in the way of costume, and much more rational and simple. Our men's dress is, perhaps, the ugliest thing that was ever invented, but it is convenient; and our women's is, on the whole, the best, if not the most picturesque, which the ages have turned out. They do not go about the streets in their "night rails" as they used; they do not trail behind them heart-breaking trains of cloth of gold, velvet, and brocaded silk, as in the days of bandekyns and farthingales; they wear gowns with some shape in them, not sacques and trollopees; and sometimes cover their heads decently with hats and bonnets that will stay on. They wear their hair gracefully and naturally, and as a rule they brush it at least once a day, and do not "keep it" for nine weeks at a stretch; they do not wear visage sleeves, and the men do not wear stags and peaked doublets as Raleigh did; and trunk hose stuffed with bran have gone out; and Kevenhuller hats have gone out; and pomander

balls and clouded canes have gone out; and swatches for infants have gone out; and Macbeth is not played in a bag-wig, ruffles, and court suit; and Hamlet has no diamond knee-buckles, Hotspur no Ranelagh wig. We no longer exclaim with the poet who immortalised himself by the single line:

Without black velvet breeches, what is man?

Venus has not a hoop and flowers, nor Apollo a pink satin jacket and a powdered wig; the maccaronis have gone the way of all flesh; pouter pigeons no longer walk about under the name of fashionable women, with sugar-loaf bonnets and full buffonts; the waist is pretty much where nature made it—not over the hips nor under the arms; and what ornamentation is used, is of a modest and comparatively simple character. Fashion has done us a good turn at last, and common sense has taken hold of the tailor's shears, and clipped away bravely at the cloth.

THE OPERA AT ROME.

COACHMAN sits upon his chariot—upon the box-seat of that vehicle—expectant, cracking his whip loudly. I hear him, far away in remote chamber of albergo, and descend in the light raiment this century has selected for its festivity; so, Avanti, through the night, coachman! encouraging thy cattle with curious cries, and striking fire from the flints below, making, *ventre à terre*, for the musical temple consecrated to Apollo, far-darting god!

And yet there is no such need for this furious pricking of steeds. There is yet breathing time, for all day long the little pink bills have been calling to me importunately from their dead walls and street corners that the music "*se incomincera*"—will commence itself—"a nove ore pomerid." This last word, long after I became aware that it stands for afternoon, associates itself mysteriously with pomegranates, or some fruit of such succulent flavour, which most suitable hour commends itself especially, as involving no flying from the untasted banquet, no cruel dereliction of the choice fruits of the desert, no indecent crowding of courses. And yet, with a quaint oddity of contradiction, in a sober quakerly manufacturing Rhenish town, I have come forth on the steps of the theatre, after hearing a good substantial opera full of musical fat and lean, through and through, just as the town-hall clock was striking nine! At that hour we are hurrying to wait on Apollo, far-darting god.

Down through a vile miscellany of back alleys—black-dark, lampless and tortuous Seven Dials seventeen times over in helpless repetition—pilot coachman takes his boat, heaving and plunging through the trough of that paved sea. Yonder at last, where are the string of light-houses or lamps, waits the port; and here, just at our carriage windows, looms out great white-cloaked Carmelite on horseback—fierce patrol—savagely stopping further progress with flashing sabre, and perhaps a few oaths. Reciprocal oaths, too, from coachman, making his steeds plunge amain; but it results, as it must inevit-

ably result, in ignominious back turning. Ship must go about; and by precious dispensation of metropolitan police, economical alike of time and distance, must plunge again into seven times Seven Dials, thread many more alleys, making for a line of approach directly opposite. From the cabin steerage, or inside, I protest loudly against this outrageous violation of the common carriage route regulations and canons, as to the direction of horses' heads; against the monstrous axiom that we who come from the east, and approach lawfully by the eastern streets, must be dragged violently from our course, and sent beating up a dark ocean of streets, to get round and make the more western approaches. Apollo, fardarting god, keeps his halls cheerfully alight and blazing with a bright effulgence. Peep round the corner, and you will catch a glimpse of dull sad-looking Tiber, rolling by with a steady look, inviting sullenly to suicide. Flavius Tiber rolls under the very stage; the great Bastion of the Angel rises like a mountain just over the way; and the shivering stone sentries of the bridge are, as usual, out on their cheerless duty. I have a certain compassion for those ill-used calcareous privates, who have a sad time of it, and suffer under an unjust dispensation compared with their brethren, who reside under shelter; and I miss the delicious theatrical organisation with which our French neighbours so effectually enumber the entrance to their theatres; that running the gauntlet of some half a dozen successive "administrations" of sallow gentlemen, who sit four together behind bars, and play at cards with you. We have none of this pleasant entanglement. Little red-limbed sentry of the Fortieth directs us into this—we may call it so, for want of a better name—this locksmith's shop, where it seems to me I can find a key of any size or dimension. The power of the keys is, indeed, here developed to an extraordinary degree, hanging in monstrous bunches, like wall fruit on a well-laden tree, and with two gardeners-in-chief, in black silk caps, such as old gentlemen are partial to, sitting among the keys and plucking the produce. That mysterious nightcap economy, suggesting general epidemic and chronic prevalence of cold in the head, will develop itself later. That metal fruit handed to you will be "Open, sesame!" to a little cabinet or box, to be yours to have and to hold for the night, with all the rights and profits thereunto appertaining.

Now, are fluttering up the marble staircase the cloaked and hooded figures, the scarlet gipsies, and floating, rustling gossamer miscellany which flood such temples. High this spacious hall, marble-paved and arched, where is store of ices and general refreshment, where protecting garments suffer impoundment, and where wandering men collect, and the lost sheep is sure to be found: here I see magniloquent inscription in golden letters, barbarously grand and self-glorifying. It is in the great Roman character reserved for such boastings, and I almost expect to read that some conqueror

—redux—come home again, that is—and hostibus debellatis—the foeman being utterly and disgracefully worsted—erected this temple—hanc ædem—to Juno Victrix. Instead, I read a haughty reminder to all such lieges as come that way (having duly discharged the tariff at the door), that Dux Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano and other localities, Marchio de—(say of the Pontine Marshes), built this temple, and restored the same—restituit. We must be thankful, and appreciate the favour. We shall be reminded presently of other obligations owing to this nobleman.

More golden inscriptions. This gallery to the right is labelled magnificently ORDINE DE' NOBILI—the Noblemen's Tier! There is here something touching on the rigid Indian supremacy of caste: distinction which fear has borne, and will bear fruit, in many a nobleman's tear. A remark not more melancholy in its prophetic character than in its feeble humour. Poor commoners and ordinary gentry must take the stair, and ascend a flight or so higher; and a familiar in a black silk nightcap being summoned, flings wide the narrow cell numbered "undeci." We draw chairs to the front, and look round on Apollo's theatre.

Much like Old Drury in size and general bearings, but painted in a dull, a sad-coloured stone, which gives it a cheerless and almost penitential character. There is no blaze of gilding, no delicate bride-cake confectionery of white and gold, as in the famous London tabernacle, which rises where the fruits and flowers are sold—no rich warmth of crimson and gold, such as glows upon the walls of the Parisian house with almost a dining-room comfort—it is in darkness almost Cimmerian, and a single chandelier in the clouds pours down a feeble and insufficient radiance. With the absence of all those cheerful adjuncts of warmth, colour, gold, light, and decoration, an insupportable melancholy creeps over the well-ordered mind, which is thus brought to a suitable tone for solemn and penitential exercises. By judicious alteration, and a tap of the decorator's wand, it might burst into a splendid theatre.

Then might it serve for a yet more glorious apotheosis of the Banker-Duke. We have already passed humbly beneath his arch triumphal, where is the glorifying inscription to the chief whose conquests are by moneys. This is *my* opera, it proclaims, *my* pit, *my* boxes, *my* stage. Plebs Populusque Romanus, come and be recreated; but at the same time be thankful, know to whom you owe these delights! And lest should you forget, in transitu between the arch triumphal and boxes, cast your eyes an instant upon your neighbour's light cane-chair; so shall you be kept in a state of suitable recollection. And, indeed, as I look round on our little cabin furniture, I do find that we are supplied with eight such seats, each garnished conspicuously with a ducal coronet, and a flowing round text T. The same letter, with the same head ornament, is artfully worked at corners of arches and such suitable places. The very air is charged with

the Ducal Banker. The great man lets his edifice out to the municipality at so many thousand scudi a year, but watches their doings jealously, as, indeed, is only fitting with all municipality doings. Let us look out an instant over the edge of our box, upwards, at the high art projected on the plafond or ceiling, the theatrical virgins, and general symbolical company who usually reside in such regions; that is a pure municipality conception—corporate high art. For one night the corporate eye had been grievously wounded, by what seems to be the inharmonious groupings of the existing plafond, and the city Ruskin, with his painters and artificers, is sent in promptly to produce something more consonant to the true canons of taste, and less offending to corporate art canons. The symbolical virgins are the result. With this result also: the Ducal Banker, indignant at this outrage on his property, protests against the high art ceiling and the symbolical virgins, and immediately brings an action in the superior courts against the municipality. With what issue I cannot now recollect.

Looking over the edge of our penitential cell, we may rake, with powerful double lens revolver, that long curve below, consecrated as the nobleman's tier, and may bring within easy range the persons of quality there reposing gracefully. I recognise their familiar faces: my noble Roman of the sallow cheeks, now finished with his daily driving, and the pale noble lady, who has come for a short distraction from her great gloomy chambers. It is, after all, no more than the closing or finishing round in that fashionable mill in which she takes her penal servitude; and having already hearkened to this brassy tempest of the Maestro Verdi, some eighteen or twenty times, the edge of novelty may be taken to have worn off. Still she is there, asserting her place, in half-shadow, in the hemicycle of the immortals. It is a curious thing this strict flocking together of noble birds of a feather. And by *that* token I see from this aerie some whose feathers, it is whispered, have been ruffled, ever so little—not worth mentioning, perhaps, and scarcely perceptible, except to a nicely moral eye. It is for all the world an animated bit of heraldry, a living edition of Sir Bernard's Peerage, stretched out violently into a semicircular scroll. A current of blue blood courses round that august channel. True, there are a few untitled outsiders, who, by patient waiting and setting of names down for years, as it might be, at an almost impregnable club, have slipped in; but this is only a case of rare exception.

For whom is that sort of royal stage-box to the left kept? For King Torlonia, ducal banker, lord of the building; and it runs out behind, as other royal boxes do, into great saloons and reception-chambers. The humbler royal box, directly vis-à-vis, accommodates the magnificos of the municipality: a deputation from which body attends, and is obliged to attend, every night of performance. The Ducal Banker—as has been mentioned—leases his building to the municipality, and this body holds it in trust for

the citizens. It is, as it were, the people's theatre, and the deputation enthroned in splendour represent the people. As a little bit of fancy speculation I conjure up the images of Alderman Sir R. Carden, with Mr. Alderman Moon, together with a third brother of civic obesity and unmusical tastes, being required, under compulsion, to come down and occupy a municipal box at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. I strain the imagination still further, and feebly strive to entertain the amusing conceit of a London City corporation indulging in such a piece of liberality as renting a theatre for its citizens; but here that useful faculty recoils from such absurdly hostile contradictions. These Roman officials are supreme and autocratic. The singer carries away his hearers in a torrent of bravos and frantic applause, but there shall be no encore unsanctioned by authority; and orchestra chief durst not move his bâton, for repetition of the symphony, without nod of approval from a municipal head. Sometimes there is unseemly collision between these authorities and that vox populi, which they decline to recognise as the higher and more divine voice, supposed to be synonymous. Municipality, true to municipal tradition, is pig-headed and stubborn, the people shrill and effervescent, and the dispute is usually happily terminated by an unfair appeal to cocked-hatdom and chinking spurs and sabres. Strange to say, these civic functionaries seem to-night to be young and dandified, ply their glasses industriously, and look as unlike common councilmen as can well be imagined.

But there are other gentlemen clothed with other mysterious powers—and clothed, too, in elegant evening dress—whom enthusiasm for music, and the attraction of Il Maestro Verdi's music, have drawn from their retirement. These fanatics sit by preference in one special box on the pit tier, exactly in the centre of the house, and fronting the stage. There we may look for them, and there we may be sure to find them, one busy with his glass, the other with his book, from which he scarcely ever lifts his eyes. The fanatics are policemen from Signor Matteucci's office, and really seem to enjoy their night in a gentlemanly unofficial fashion, unburdened by the awkward sense of duty. But would you know why Policeman X is so deeply interested in his book of the words, following every sentence with his eyes glued to the page? I will give it to you in one, in two, in forty, in a hundred, as lively Madame de Séigné puts it. You will not come within a parasang of it. Policeman X—he holds his book in kid gloves, and I will swear has varnished boots—is the singers' policeman. He looks after them warily, for there have been instances on record of political singers. It has happened before now, that incendiary words, of ambiguous application, carefully expunged by censors, have been restored by enthusiastic singers, and have, as a natural consequence, been rapturously caught up by audience, and turned into peg for hanging "a demonstration" on. Nay, there are little

words in particular songs, otherwise harmless, which perverse hearers *will* twist into far-fetched allusions; and as the singer approaches such pitfalls, X becomes attentive, and watches him warily. This inflammability in the audience, it will be seen, has to be carefully watched, and the awkwardness of the thing lies in this: that most operas dealing in impassioned subjects—with liberty, and love, and the oppressed virtues generally—makes the performance, as it were, take place on barrels of detonating powder. Thus, at various times, not being as yet in these secrets, I am mystified by an unusual burst of delight at what appears to be a feeble and undeserving passage; and, on turning to the words, I find a sentiment that can be wrested, only by pure dislocation, into any application to present affairs. Robust revolutionary tenors, drawing their shining blades, and pointing them to the clouds contemporaneously with an encouraging musical shout, strained at C in alt, and shrieking "*La Libertà!*" would not by any means be tolerated. For growling basso democrats with grievances, there is a grudging allowance; but they are usually ill-conditioned fellows, who excite no sympathy. Their zeal in the cause is not wholly pure, there being usually present a foreign leaven of disappointed affection and preferred rival; so the bad end that waits for him at the end of the piece rather strengthens constituted authority, and brings a just odium on a cause which could avail itself of such degraded instruments. Even artists of sound constitutional principles, steady Tory sopranos, and Conservative tenors, are not exempted from this close supervision. Is it not difficult for an artist who has struggled through his famous air with an enthusiasm that rises every instant, who is encouraged by applauding spectators, and who is now coming round "the corner" for his last "rush" home, racing for life and death with drums, trumpets, fiddles, horns, flutes, sacbuts, psalteries, and all kinds of music—I say, is it not hard for him to avoid slipping out the old tabooed word? As sure as ever he does so, Policeman X has him, and next day Conservative tenor is fined fifteen scudi. It might have blown over safely, might have passed unobserved, the obnoxious syllable, but still there was the risk.

In the year of grace eighteen hundred and forty-eight, when kings were throwing their crowns into cupboards and dust-heaps, and packing their portmanteaus, and when Pope Pius was gratifying his children with a toy called a Constitution, this opera-house, in which I now sit, witnessed the strangest, wildest, and, I may say, maddest scene that ever theatre witnessed. I am told how when Signor Verdi's Ernani was presented to a boiling seething tumultuous house, and Coletti, superb barytone (who will play this very night), discovering the conspiracy in the church, flung back his cloak, and revealed himself to the conspirators in the famous song, *Sono Carlo Magne*, there arose such a storm of frantic enthusiasm and jubilant violence as could only be lulled by

the superb barytone's adapting the words "*Sono Pio*" to the situation. Which was done at once with triumphant success, though they suit that particular passage of music but ill, and are a little incongruous with the situation. Another night, on receipt of some specially joyful news, ladies in the noblemen's tier were made to stand up as so many human caryatides, and join their handkerchiefs like garlands, and speedily a snow-white drapery ran all round the house. There was no end to these exuberant freaks. At times, the *Bed of Flowers*—I like this French name better than our blunt English "*pit*"—would invade the stage en masse, take possession of it for the evening, and sing a sort of Liberty Opera of their own.

Orchestra sprinkled thickly with green-shaded lamps is filling in quickly; and here I am brought back to that mysterious dispensation noted before, namely, the investiture of every orchestral element in a black silk nightcap—violins, ear-piercing flute (its own aural organs are, however, effectually protected), trumpets, fagotti (bassoon in the vernacular), trombone, even kettle-drums, though I do own to a faint lingering expectation that there would have been an exception in favour of the kettle-drums. I had no just ground for this supposition, but confess I did expect it. It was all one. Every head, whether it nodded responsive to the jerked harmonies of the bow and string, or distended with the exertion of filling the wind instrument, was conspicuous by this unique silken cap. In its universality it was astonishing. Positively not a single shiny tonsure reflected back the light. It would almost seem to have been *de rigueur* an article of professional costume.

Flower-garden is filling in; though here and there are patches very like (according to the apt similitude of a lady near me) to gaps where stray teeth have been knocked out. It is the old street miscellany, the loungers of the Pincio and shop-steps, who have flung away their cigars and strayed in here. They pay thirty baiocchi—say fifteen pence—for a comfortable numbered stall. You can get an excellent box with eight seats (coronet included) for the modest sum of say twelve and sixpence: about the same charge for each person as in the pit.

Now has the municipality deputation just entered and given the signal from its box, and with that low roll of the drums with which Maestro Verdi loves to hint at and shadow out his coming mysteries, has the overture to Simon Boccanera set in. (By the way, see that lady who has just come in—note a significant fact: it is Madame de Grammont, imperial ambassadress, and she has the best box in the house after the ducal banker's.) Rolls out, too, Verdi's whispering crescendo, mounting into bustle and gallop, with final crisis in brazen burst. Then floats up the curtain, and business commences. As of course, the piece resolves itself into a doge story, and—also as of course—every one wears the low velvet Andrew Doria cap, with velvet suits, and tramps it about in a correct doge manner. The run upon these doge stories is

prodigious, Verdi himself being crazy on the subject and doge-cracked.

I try to follow the mysterious intricacies of that first act, having only these facts to go on as a basis. How am I to interpret a devout gentlemen in velvet, who kneels to the footlights and prays, while the sweet voices of virgins from the church dovetail ingeniously with his rougher organ, while a fierce-bearded gentleman, also in velvet, speaks with him in angry expostulatory manner?—the whole business of that first part resulting in noisy procession and ringing of bells, and general proclamation, out of which I dimly catch a hint that the devout gentleman has been made a doge. There are reasonable grounds, also, for supposing that the devout gentleman is Simon the Buccaneer, though he looks too good and respectable for such a calling.

A word, too, "in favior" of the daughter, suppressed during the first act, who struggled so miraculously against the infirmities of age and exhausted energies of sex. It moved both wonder and pity, that exhibition. Not one of those cruelly painful acrobatic feats which the Maestro Verdi forces his disciples to attempt, not a single rasping fence of that terrible country, did this spirited sexagenarian flinch from: the Boccherini, I think she was called. Audience looked on moodily, and with a certain tolerance, with not so much as the faintest ghost of approval. Rumour says that the Boccherini is forced upon them.

It is about as good as a Palais Royal farce, to see the raptures of the youthful tenor for this aged charmer, with his agonies of despair when the old doge, like these true operative curmudgeons, who are all of a piece, steps in and forbids the banns. Needless to say, that, according to precedent, the old doge is done away with, and comes to a violent end at the hands of the conspirators. Weak but well-meaning dotard, he dies by poison. His agonies are frightful; and, curious to say, as the well-beloved daughter and discarded lover group themselves about "the dying man," and his increasing pains grow, and are but too vividly depicted on his countenance, interior voices, typical of stomache suffering, seem to proceed also from the bassoons and bass instruments. Whether this was intentional on the part of the gran maestro, I cannot take on me to say; but as the voices worked up and strained into an impassioned trio of sorrow, so worked up the spasms and struggles in the bassoon interior, reaching at last to such comic effect, that bursts of profane and irrepressible laughter issue from one special cell, where were some lively Inglesi.

But to magnificent Coletti, dramatic artist unrivalled, save by his brother Ronconi, all homage! Perhaps a little decadent, and that full roll of voice worn away. I see him a few nights later in that other doge piece, *The Foscari*, and am "ravished" with his feeling, and pathos, and overwhelming power. In this same piece he won his golden spurs, many years back

now, on English boards. Now the autumn, and perhaps an early winter is drawing on. It is time to look into the garner and see what is stored up. His are full to overflowing; he can sit him down cheerfully and say "Vixi! Cantavi!" By degrees he has slipped out of the course—has fallen away from the hum and fluster of great cities and Babylonian theatres. Here in some one of the Roman towns was he born; and hither he has returned in his prime, to fall gracefully into the sere and yellow leaf. It is hard, though, to sacrifice the encouraging roar of many voices bursting from the parterre, and to some the footlights are more glorious than the broad sun at noon. After triumphs of his order, a fireside may be domestic, but humdrum. So on this modest stage, among his own countrymen, he will stimulate himself with a modest dose of excitement, and glide down gently into incapability, without cold, unfeeling voices shrieking it aloud to the four winds. He has a handsome estate just by, and shall perhaps be baron and seigneur in his old age. So, too, is it with ex-tenor Collini, another Roman. There is something pleasant in this notion, that those hard-working songsters, who have delighted us for their life, shall at the end not be cast out, but subside into quietude and husbandry, and see a peaceful end to their days.

LONGINGS.

In Manhood, in the full accomplished glory
And ecstasy of life,
Memories of the golden Land of Morning
Haunt us in peace and strife;
Vague visions of that fresh and happy season,
The Paradise of youth,
Where earth was one unfading summer landscape,
And love a blossomed truth.
The pipe of birds, awaking to the sunrise,
Cool shadows on the lawn,
The solemn mountains fired with eastern splendour,
The pastoral calm of dawn;
The shining quiet of the Sabbath noontide,
The musical, fleet brooks,
The evening rest and ever welcome voices
Of home-returning rooks;
The windy hands, that tapped the frosted casements
Through the December nights;
Earth ringed with darkness and, above, outshining
The still, celestial lights;
Remembered echoes of heart-treasured voices,
The blessing and the prayer,
Gentle good-nights and tender parting kisses,
And slumbers calm and rare;
Return to us, with one dear recollection,
Of a sweet mother's face,
Bright with angelic blessedness and quiet,
And fair domestic grace;
Rise and return from the burial chambers
Of the mysterious brain,
Till the over-burdened heart and pining spirit
Are faint with sense of pain.

Whence do you come, you unrequited Longings,
 From what remote grey shore,
 You, whose uplifted and remembered faces
 Look backward evermore?
 You who, from the unperceived horizon
 For ever round us cast,
 Summon to shadowy and brief existence
 The phantoms of the past.
 In sunny fields or cloud-enveloped cities,
 Under the midnight skies;
 Alone, or, with the crowded world communing,
 You look into my eyes.
 Your gentle voices, tender with emotion,
 Rich with divine delight,
 Fall round me till I breathe and walk entranced,
 A spirit world of light.
 Turn from the past, you unrequited Longings,
 Turn from that barren shore;
 There are the graves of our departed kindred,
 But *they* are there no more.
 Lift up your faces to the shining Future,
 Unto the better place,
 There shall we meet you in celestial beauty,
 Before the Father's face.

RUSSIAN FOUNDLING HOSPITALS.

ON a bright sunny day, with a brilliant atmosphere, we were admiring the magnificent prospect from the top of the Kremlin: a view hardly to be equalled in September of the present year. After attempting to count the three hundred and sixty-five churches which are said to exist in Moscow, and after scanning the spots pointed out where the great fire of 1813 began and ended, and where the first Napoleon watched the ruin of his plans, our eyes rested on a vast building in one of the more open spaces outside the walls of the fortress. We learned it was the Foundling Hospital, and, having a weakness for babies of all nations, we determined upon making that one of our objects. The following morning at an early hour was appointed for our visit, and, punctual to the time, we were introduced to the decorated and accomplished director, who courteously conducted us over the immense building, and gave us every information we could desire.

The hospital is of vast extent, four stories in height, each floor very lofty, forming a large square, surrounding an inner court, which is laid out as a garden, and is nearly as large as Hanover-square, London. Projecting from one side, the building is still further extended to a wing in the shape of the letter L, and in the space in front there is again a garden of considerable size, laid out in broad walks with flower-beds. The basement floor of this extensive pile is occupied chiefly with the offices, with ranges of cellars for wood, and stores of various descriptions.

As we approached the principal entrance through the outer gardens, we saw from fifteen to twenty children, varying from two or three to eight or ten years of age, very neatly and comfortably clad, playing and walking about in groups, with young good-natured-looking women

attending upon them, all looking well fed and happy. These young nurses were all dressed in uniform costumes, and so were the children; the boys in long grey great-coats and grey cloth caps, with little boots drawn over their trousers; the girls with grey-hooded cloaks and large white bonnets of cotton.

We were then informed that this great establishment consisted of two divisions, one of which was limited to the orphan and quite friendless children of *nobles*, who were brought there at any age when their destitution was recognised, maintained, and educated, at the expense of the state, and fitted out in the world when of the proper age. The children we saw in this garden were a few of these nobles.

We ascended a flight of broad iron steps, and were conducted to the range of rooms where the accounts and general management of the hospital are carried on. Desks covered with large folios, shelves lined with the same, all numbered according to the year; busy clerks and messengers, and all the arrangements of an extensive department.

We shall return to these rooms, to enter into the details of the plans. We were first taken to the show places: the chapel, highly gilded and ornamented, with the pictures on the walls and on the sides and over the altar, according to the usual mode of the Russo-Greek Church, which admits of no images, although there is quite as much of kissing and bowing as ever is seen in the Roman Catholic churches. Long galleries and ranges of rooms, with pictures of the imperial family, and of great benefactors or directors of the hospital, with glass-cases containing various objects of antiquity or of art, presented from time to time to the establishment.

We then arrived at the wards. They are all so much alike, that in describing one we describe the whole, as they only vary in size when separated for special objects. On entering, we were at once astonished at the wonderful symmetry of the whole. Down a long and yet wide apartment were ranged beds on each side, standing out into the room; between each bed, close together, were two cots side by side, at the foot of each bed was a wooden seat, which also was a closet—the seat lifting up to give access to the clothes deposited below. At the head of each bed on each side, was a smaller seat, between the bed and the adjoining baby's cot. At the head of each bed was a large broad card, or rather wooden placard, with a number on it, and some few words in white chalk. The cots had all hoods, were made of wood, and a small eider-down full-bellied quilt covered each little inmate. At the foot and in front of each bed—as our visit was expected, and we were accompanied by the director and two or three of the staff—there stood two women, all drawn up, erect and still, like a line of soldiers, in number about sixty of a side, or a hundred and twenty in the whole ward. Their appearance was made more military by their being all dressed exactly alike—one regular uniform. These were

the corps of WET-NURSES. Each had a sort of shako, a round coronet or turban of red cloth over pasteboard, high in front, and sloping to the back of the head. In an open closet at the side of the door were their state shakos, for feast days, of the same colour, but with a band of gold lace round the edge. The rest of the uniform consisted of a red body and petticoat, with a white front over the bosom, white long sleeves, and a white apron. They all wore white stockings, with grey cloth slippers without heels.

There were *twelve hundred* of these wet-nurses in the hospital at that time, and *twelve hundred* babies: all of the latter under two months old, except a very few.

In the services of the Russian Church, a peculiarity which strikes a stranger is the peculiar mode of bowing during the ceremonies. During the chanting, which is very beautiful and unaccompanied by music, the congregation keep perpetually bowing: not all at the same time, but just as it appears to suit the fancy of individuals; they do not bow the head, nor the shoulders, but the whole body at an angle from the legs; some bow more, and some less, but generally the bow is a very low one, and the bower springs back again to a more than usually upright posture. The more devout—and this is especially the case with the old beggar women—prostrate themselves and kneel down and touch the floor with their foreheads, and they will repeat this several times in a few minutes. In the streets, wherever there is a lamp in front of a sacred picture—and they are perpetually met with in the streets in all Russian towns—people are seen as they pass, to take their hats off, stop, strike the breast, each shoulder, and the forehead, and make this same peculiar bow; and even at a considerable distance from the object of devotion, perhaps at the opposite side of a wide street. This same peculiar bow is the bow which the lower orders also make when they wish to show a mark of respect to their superiors or benefactors. As we passed down the long file of the wet-nurses, each of them in turn, like an intermitting platoon firing, made this bow, rising up again from it at once to an erect and military bearing.

At each end of the long ward was a washing apparatus for the babies—four copper baths, half a foot deep, smoothly rounded at bottom, set in a fixed stand, and supplied with warm or cold water from a brass pipe in the centre. In front of these, were four tables for dressing the babies. Instead of the nurse sitting down as in England, and dressing or washing the baby on her lap, in Russia, and in Germany also, the baby is dressed on a table, the nurse standing. The military precision with which it is all done here is very impressive. There are to each ward on the average, eight or nine nurse attendants, with a head one, who is a lady in appearance and manner, and dressed in plain black silk, and who only superintends the rest. The rest are young, active, well taught and well trained women or girls, dressed uniformly alike, who do all the real work, and attend to the babies, in all that

the wet-nurses do not perform. With her bath ready filled with water at the proper temperature, one waits with her arms bare, one of the wet-nurses from a long file of them walks up with her ticket in her hand, taken from the head of the bed, and in her turn hands her baby to one of these nurses—by whom the baby is quickly undressed on one of the tables and handed to the nurse already at the bath. The baby is then rapidly but gently and carefully washed, and at once handed to a third nurse at another of the tables which is covered with an oil-silk large flat pillow, and there the baby is rapidly dried with a warm soft towel. It is then handed to the fourth table, and there another nurse as quickly dresses it, rolling it up in the absurd and objectionable swaddling-clothes which are in use all over the Continent. This division of labour makes the whole process a very complete and very rapid one, only occupying a few minutes, and the baby is then handed to the wet-nurse and taken back to its cot. Some of the babies brought to the institution are very prematurely born, poor feeble little animals, scarcely alive, and not able to maintain their own warmth, even with all the adjuncts of eider-down pillows and coverlids. For these, there are special cots, made of copper, with a double wall, between which circulates a perpetual supply of hot water, so that the proper degree of warmth is constantly surrounding the feeble infant. We saw some dozen of these very premature infants, looking most deplorable objects, with weazen monkey faces, enveloped in hoods of wadding. At another part of the same ward we were shown several which were now strong and healthy, and had gradually been inured to less delicate treatment.

After visiting the main large wards, all of the same character, and all scrupulously clean, well ventilated, well warmed, and with painted boarded floors, which are easily washed and swept, we came to the smaller wards for exceptional cases. One was for deformities, natural defects—many irremediable and sooner or later to be fatal—others to be relieved or removed, at a later age, by operations—others which, without compromising life, would remain as permanent blemishes and disfigurements. Of course there must be a proportion of such unfortunates in so large a number of infants; but there was nothing better or worse in the plans pursued for their treatment, than in other hospitals. One of these wards was solely for skin complaints: not the slight and quite innocent eruptions which are common to young infants, but those of a more permanent and mischievous character, requiring careful medical treatment. In Russia, among the lower classes, there are two skin diseases: one, the consequence of vice; the other, the consequence of dirt, and of a highly contagious nature. Though Scotland has been taunted with the prevalence of this complaint, as a nearly national characteristic, Russia far more deserves the stigma, and it is dreadfully abundant among the children admitted into this institution. Fortunately it is curable, when the

appropriate treatment is effectually carried out, and here it is most thoroughly and completely managed. As soon as the complaint is detected, the infant is removed to the ward set apart for these cases. It is bathed in a medicated bath every day, and then well rubbed over with a peculiar ointment, and then soft linen rollers are neatly passed round every limb and round the whole body, and a woollen loose robe over it all; and by renewing the immersion daily, and applying it skilfully and thoroughly, in a very short time the baby is well enough to be replaced in the ordinary ward.

There are other wards for different illnesses, but the only one deserving particular notice is the ward for ophthalmia: a not uncommon malady among new-born children. Out of the twelve hundred infants in the house, there were rather more than sixty with ophthalmia in various stages. This ward is kept shaded with dark green blinds, and is especially guarded from currents of cold air. In advanced cases of ophthalmia, there is a great swelling in the eyelids, and a quantity of yellow matter collects behind them, pressing upon the inflamed eyes and aggravating all the symptoms. The complaint is, generally, easily cured, when care is taken that the eyes are constantly and properly washed, and mild lotions properly applied. But ordinary nurses in England rarely attend to this effectually—they either are ignorant and cannot; or are idle or prejudiced, and will not; or are timid and tender-hearted, and dare not. They do not open the eyes and let out the confined matter, because they do not like to make the child cry—and if told to apply a lotion, they satisfy their consciences by applying it outside. We witnessed the process practised at this hospital, and it was excellently managed. At a table with a metal top, and with raised edges about two inches high all round, and with a small fountain of warm water in the centre, conveyed in any direction as a douche by an india-rubber pipe, stood one of the young nurses, with a flat oiled-silk pillow on the table before her. She had an assistant at her elbow. A file of wet-nurses, each with her blind baby, stood in a line to her right: each wet-nurse with a square piece of linen rag on the top of her head. They all came forward one by one—the children being partly undressed—and each in turn handed her child to the head nurse. She placed it on its back on the flat pillow, drew down the lower eyelid with her left hand while the assistant lifted up the upper eyelid, then with her right hand directed the douche of warm water thoroughly into the eye until every portion of the matter was washed away. She then took the piece of rag off the wet-nurse's head, wiped the eye carefully with it, applied a lotion within each eyelid as it was laid bare, and tossed the piece of rag into a heap; thus, all fresh contagion was avoided, as each child had brought its own rag, and all the pieces were thoroughly washed and purified before being used again. The child was then handed to its nurse and went off to its own cot. The whole process scarcely occupied a minute.

In another department we witnessed the vaccination. There were two resident surgeons engaged, and about sixty babies present: half the number to be vaccinated from the arms of the other half, then on the eighth day. There was the same regular order—each wet-nurse marching up in turn, holding her bed ticket with its number, and showing her baby's arm. On one arm, there were two vesicles, which were left undisturbed—on the other arm six vesicles, which were used for vaccinating others, and for procuring supplies of lymph to be sent to a distance, between small flat squares of glass. On one side of the operator marched up the nurse with the baby from whose arm the lymph was to be taken, and on the other the nurse whose baby was to be vaccinated, and the surgeon very rapidly transmitted the vaccine virus from one arm to the other, tapping the vesicles with his lancet, and then passing it tenderly beneath the skin of the other arm. In doing this, we never saw a drop of blood, and at the moment of insinuating the point of the instrument, he gave it a sudden twist, as if to wipe off the lymph thoroughly from it. Whether it was this twist which ensured its efficacy or not, it is a fact that in all the cases, then at the eighth day after the operation, there was not a single failure: each had its two full vesicles on one arm, and its six on the other.

There are rarely less than one thousand children in this establishment—and in the year ending the 31st of December, 1859, fourteen thousand had been admitted; but that number was above the average, and in some years there are from one to two thousand less. All who apply are admitted—there are no restrictions. There is no turning box, as in some of the continental foundling hospitals—at Rome, Florence, Naples, for instance, where a child is deposited, a bell rung, the child taken out of the box, and the bearer never seen; but here every child is brought openly, at particular hours in the morning, and certain questions are asked, and the answers are all registered. From seven A.M. to two P.M. all comers are admitted; by far the larger portion are children born in wedlock; but a considerable number of the parents of such children do not choose to divulge their names, and they are consequently entered in the list as probably illegitimate. The person who brings the child declares its sex—the date of its birth—the names of its parents (if the person chooses to give them), and at all events the *christian* name of its father, and whether the rite of baptism has been already performed or not. If it has been baptised, its name is registered; if not, it is baptised within a day or two, by any surname the bearer chooses to declare; but if only the christian name of the father has been given, then it is surnamed accordingly such a one's son, Petrovitch or Iano-vitch, answering to our Peterson or Johnson, as it may happen to be, and the christian name is always the name of the saint whose feast it may be on the day of the baptism, so that the

whole batch baptised on any one day have the same christian name. All these circumstances are duly noted down in the great registry of the hospital, each entry having its own number for that year. A little ivory counter is then attached by a thin coloured tape round the child's arm: black tape for the boys, red tape for the girls: on which counter on one side is engraved the date of the year, and on the opposite side the number which designates it in the registry. A card is given to the person who brought the child, on which is the same number and date, and at any future time the friends, on producing that card, may reclaim that child. The first step after admission is to have the child very carefully examined. It is taken to a room, stripped, and then a note is made as to any peculiarities; it is weighed, and the weight registered; any marks or deformities are put on record; if it is affected with any disease, it is removed to the appropriate ward. A wet-nurse is appointed to it, and it becomes a denizen of the establishment for the next two months.

A large number of wet-nurses are always applying to be engaged: chiefly, indeed nearly always, from the villages in the country. The only care taken respecting them is as to health, which is rigorously investigated, to an extent and a minuteness which English women would hardly submit to. Many of the women are far from young, and many have, perhaps, suckled their own children for many months, and weaned them, before they apply for an engagement. They are clothed and entirely maintained during the time they remain, and receive fifteen kopecks a day—about sixpence English money—and return to their own homes with their nurslings, receiving three roubles a month (ten shillings) for the first year, and six for the second, and all subsequent years, till the child is fourteen years old. The head officer of the village where they reside is obliged to keep his eye upon them; he sees that the child is living and is properly brought up; and pays them the stipend. The child has a stock of clothes supplied on leaving the hospital, but not afterwards. At the age of fourteen it is brought back to the authorities, and bound to some person, either to be taught a trade, or as a servant; but none of the boys are brought up for the army or navy; if they ever find their way into either service, they do so afterwards of their own free choice.

On our asking if it ever happened that a mother who had sent her baby to the hospital applied and was engaged as a wet-nurse to her own offspring, we were told that probably such things occasionally happened; but it would always be doubtful whether the mother would be appointed by chance to suckle her own child, or would even see her own child, while in the hospital. They take no especial means to prevent it, and the chances may now and then be in the mother's favour, and she might be receiving the public pay for bringing up her own child.

The wet-nurses are very abundantly fed whilst in the hospital; in proportion, however, to their previous habits of life. An English wet-nurse in a private family will expect meat meals two or three times a day, and from one to three pints of porter; but a Russian peasant scarcely ever tastes meat, and lives chiefly on dark chocolate-coloured rye bread, on tea, and vegetables. We inspected the kitchens, the dining-rooms for the nurses, and the provision stores. They have an excellent nourishing soup twice a day, a very large and unlimited supply of rye bread, and a sort of gruel of meat. They have a dinner with meat on ordinary days, and fish on fast days, and there are from two to three fast days a week in the Russian Church, besides Lent. But many of these peasant women refuse the meat; they have never been used to it, and dislike it. They have extra drinks of a sort of fermented rye, slightly acid, which they take when thirsty, at discretion. They have also tea, and, once a day, they have a mug of beer, of a light and wholesome quality. Occasionally, for a day or two, the admission of babies may have been larger than the number of wet-nurses, and they are obliged to put two babies to one nurse, temporarily; then they always select those who will not refuse meat, and also give them an extra allowance both of meat and of beer.

The advantages and disadvantages of foundling hospitals have often been discussed, the encouragement to immorality being set against the preservation of human life. As it is, the loss of life is enormous, for it is calculated that one-fourth of the children brought to the Moscow and to the St. Petersburg Foundling Hospitals die before the first year; but this is not so large a proportion as are said to die in London and Liverpool among the children born there. Certainly, taking into consideration the habits of the English peasant class, or of the lower orders in large manufacturing towns, the ignorance as to the management of children, the dirt, the neglect, the bad feeding, and the system of quieting drugs and drams, there can be no doubt that the infants in these large Russian foundling hospitals are much better off, and are far more sensibly and carefully preserved, than many left to the carelessness and stupidity of their own parents. It is positively known that a very considerable proportion of these deserted children are born in wedlock, but extreme poverty and the hardships of life may be a partial excuse for the parents, and there is reason to believe that many of these children are reclaimed by the parents, long before they have arrived at the age at which their connexion with the hospital ceases. Probably the knowledge that they may be reclaimed at any time, induces many mothers to part with their children, intending to reclaim them as soon as they could afford it; but long before that time arrives, they have learned to do without them, and have ceased to care for them. The encouragement to immorality is undoubtedly considerable, though the system supersedes the crime of infanticide.

The St. Petersburg Foundling Hospital is on a much smaller scale than that at Moscow, containing not half the number of children, but the system is in both precisely the same.

MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

THE purchase of Mount Vernon from the American nation was an object for the attainment of which the highest talents of the most gifted writer might be worthily employed. Edward Everett is a name well known in the annals of oratory, statesmanship, and literature; yet it was an honour even to Edward Everett to devote his pen to the patriotic objects which we have mentioned. His oratory had already been exerted in its cause, not without effect, and the good which he had wrought by his spoken addresses he has now increased by his written essays.

Mount Vernon, as we all know, was the dwelling-place and is the last resting-place of George Washington, Pater patriæ; it was but natural, therefore, that his children should desire to possess the paternal property. But Congress wouldn't buy it, Virginia wouldn't buy it, and the legal representative of the illustrious general could hardly be expected to give up his paternal inheritance, even to devoted worshippers at Washington's shrine, without a consideration. For, though man wants but little here below, he cannot get on without a little. The legal representative desired, in point of fact, not unnaturally, to have a quid for his quo; this, in the land of Virginia tobacco, should have been a matter of but little difficulty, but it was not so easy as it might appear. Private speculators of the *Barnum* persuasion were ready enough to purchase the property, but the owner of Mount Vernon, to his honour, refused to treat with showmen. He preferred to live as it were on sufferance in his own domains, whilst enthusiastic admirers of his great ancestor, native tourists and foreign pilgrims, wandered over his grounds and strolled through his house, intruded upon his privacy, defaced his shrubbery, wrenched off the pales of his balustrade, broke off the projecting portions of his marble mantelpiece, cut down his magnolias for walking-sticks, and tried to purloin "the key of the Bastille, given by Lafayette to Washington"—all, of course, in the kindest spirit, that they might have mementoes of the mighty dead, until such time as it might please the Nation to pay a good round sum for the rights they exercised illegally. But it is hard to get at the Nation; he doesn't live at any single house in any particular street where you can go and call upon him and transact your business with him over a glass of sherry in a friendly sort of way. So a Mount Vernon Association was formed with which the Nation might communicate by subscription, and Mr. Everett worked in the cause of the association with a will.

The principal object of this association was to raise five hundred thousand dollars, and the next

to manage Mount Vernon, when purchased, for the Nation, who has a great deal of business on his hands, and cannot, without assistance, look after all his property himself; he is apt to find it defaced, mutilated, and whittled, by unruly members of even his own family, unless he employ watchers and guardians to keep an eye upon them. Ten thousand of these five hundred thousand dollars Mr. Everett might at once pay over to the association if he would contribute one paper every week, for a year, to the New York Ledger, a very enterprising and liberally-conducted journal; consequently he consented, and his contributions have now been collected in one volume, and published by Appleton and Co., of New York, under the title of *The Mount Vernon Papers*.

They are fifty-three in number, and derive their title from the object for which they were prepared, and not from the fact, which might be erroneously assumed, that each contains some traditions of George Washington; indeed, it is only in nine of them that the principal theme is Washington. The others are of a miscellaneous character. Still, one cannot but be grateful for anything in the way of information or anecdote which may be vouchsafed by such a man as Everett, who was personally acquainted with the Iron Duke of Wellington; who has spent days and nights at Abbotsford with Sir Walter Scott; who has conversed with Lord Byron; who has dined with Louis Napoleon when the present Emperor of the French was a little boy eleven years of age; to whom Louis the Eighteenth, and the Duchess d'Angoulême, and nearly all the chief characters of the drama in which they played the most conspicuous parts, appear reflected, not in the dim glass of history, but in the bright mirror of personal recollection; of whom Prescott, and Bond, and Hallam, and Von Humboldt, were friends, and Coray, and Ugo Foscolo, and Béranger, something more than acquaintance.

Number one is taken up chiefly with an account of the origin of the Mount Vernon Association, and the reason for the name of the Mount Vernon Papers; the second is entitled Christmas, and therein our attention is called to the fact that, whilst the Puritans as a body "did not observe it as a holiday or set it apart for special religious services," there was one, John Milton, not the least distinguished amongst them, who, if he paid but little respect to the traditions of men, paid glorious homage to the sacred season in his Hymn on the Nativity. In Number three, we learn that "the streets in the ancient city of Boston were originally laid out by the cows going to pasture in what is now Beacon-street and Park-street, and returning at night from those distant regions;" the result of which bovine engineering was, of course, crooked and narrow streets—so crooked, indeed, and so narrow, that it is said that not even a native Bostonian, unless he have been educated with a view to that object, can find his way about the city; and it is credibly reported that a certain mayor of Boston owed his election to the supe-

riority of his education in this particular. Moreover, the narrowness of the streets, combined with an increase of population and traffic, has, at last, reduced the municipal government to the barbarous necessity of pulling down the house of Benjamin Franklin. Number four is headed *A Safe Answer*, and is rather a diffuse account of some passages in the life of Reuben Mitchell, the Quaker; how that he worked hard, and made money, and married his master's daughter, and bought up farms to such an extent that the Society of Friends became alarmed, believing he meant to monopolise all the land in the country; and how that Friend Nahum was deputed to ask Friend Reuben how many farms he had; and how that Friend Nahum, after much beating about the bush, at last requested to know what he should say to Friends who asked him how many farms Friend Reuben Mitchell had; and how Friend Reuben, after a long pause and silent calculation upon his fingers, which excited Friend Nahum to frenzy, replied, "In order to make the number neither too large nor too small, it will be safest for thee, when Friends next inquire, to tell them thee does not know." Number five is upon Donati's Comet, concluding with the following apostrophe: "Return then, mysterious traveller, to the depths of the heavens, never again to be seen by the eyes of men now living! Thou hast run thy race with glory, millions of eyes have gazed on thee with wonder, but they shall never look upon thee again. Since thy last appearance in these lower skies, empires, languages, and races of men have passed away; the Macedonian, the Alexandrian, the Augustan, the Parthian, the Byzantine, the Saracenic, the Ottoman dynasties, sunk or sinking into the gulf of ages. Since thy last appearance, old continents have relapsed into ignorance, and new worlds have come out from behind the veil of waters. The Magian fires are quenched on the hill-tops of Asia, the Chaldean seer is blind, the Egyptian hieroglyphic has lost his cunning, the oracles are dumb. Wisdom now dwells in furthest Thule, or in newly-discovered worlds beyond the sea. Haply when, wheeling up again from the celestial abysses, thou art once more seen by the dwellers on earth, the languages we speak shall also be forgotten and science shall have fled to the uttermost corners of the earth. But even then this Hand, that now marks out thy wondrous circuit, shall still guide thy course, and then, as now, Hasper will smile at thy approach, and Areturus, with his sons, rejoice at thy coming." The last paragraph is rather a puzzler; it seems to hint that the next time the comet comes it will only prow about "the uttermost corners of the earth," and the words, "even then," would lead one to infer that its course, under those circumstances, will be attended with even more than ordinary difficulties; but this is for the consideration of astronomers. It would have been a kind attention, while giving the comet information, to add that in the newly-discovered world beyond the sea (America?) where wisdom is now "located,"

the place of the Chaldean seer is filled by the clairvoyant, and that of the Egyptian hieroglyphic by the medium who writes nonsense backwards and spells shockingly. But then the comet travelled so fast that there was, perhaps, no time to tell him more.

Numbers six and seven are both devoted to "An Incursion into the Empire State," that is, a journey into the State of New York, in December, in which allusion is made to an invention which might be introduced with advantage on our English railways—to wit, sleeping-cars. Number eight is entitled "The Parable against Persecution," and is a very interesting paper. It traces the history of this famous parable of Abraham and the stranger who worshipped not God, from its publication by Lord Kames, in 1774, to its quotation by Sydney Smith before the mayor and corporation of Bristol, in 1829. It was communicated to Lord Kames by Franklin; after the publication of it by Lord Kames, it was discovered in Jeremy Taylor's works, who speaks of it as from "the Jews' Books;" it was found in the Latin dedication to the senate of Hamburg of a rabbinical work called the "Rod of Judah;" and it was ultimately traced to the "Flower-garden" of the Persian poet Saadi. The parable is given entire as it came from the hands of Franklin, thus:

PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION.

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.
2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, hanging on a staff.
3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow and go on thy way."
4. And the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."
5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.
6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?"
7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things."
8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.
9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"
10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."
11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me, and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"
12. And Abraham said, "Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot against his servant; lo! I have sinned; lo! I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee."

13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, "For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land;

15. "But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance."

Number nine is the first of the papers mentioned above, as relating particularly to Washington. These papers contain selections from Washington's diary; a letter from Washington describing his feelings when his fame had made him a sort of involuntary model for painters: which letter Mr. Everett compares with one to himself from the Duke of Wellington upon the same subject; a description of Washington's southern tour, and some "critical occasions and incidents" in his life, which, in Mr. Everett's opinion, prove distinctly that Washington was under the special protection of an overruling Providence. If his belief be superstitious, Mr. Everett is content to incur the charge of superstition. The point is one, perhaps, upon which men will never be agreed, but it may be considered tolerably certain that, had Washington entered the royal navy, as he wished when a boy; had he died of small-pox, as he very nearly did at the age of nineteen; had he been drowned, as he very nearly was by falling from his raft; had he not escaped miraculously at the melancholy defeat of Braddock; had he not come safely out from the cross-fire at Princeton; had he married Mary Philipse; or had he fallen a victim to any one of the untoward accidents which threatened him; the revolution would have lost the leadership of Washington. Whether Brutus could "raise a spirit as soon as Caesar," whether America was destitute of "noble bloods," it is bootless to inquire; one man escaped from perils innumerable, to be the father of his country; and that one man was Washington.

The eleventh paper treats of Louis Napoleon. His boyhood, his trial in 1840 before the House of Peers, his election as Prince President, and his coup d'état, are the chief topics; it must have been with peculiar feelings that Mr. Everett, who in 1819 had dined with him at the ex-King Louis Philippe's table, and in 1840 had witnessed him on trial for his life, found himself writing in 1859, "It devolved upon me, in an official capacity, to send to Mr. Rivers, the American minister in Paris, a letter of credence to his Imperial Majesty Napoleon the Third." There are in this paper some remarks upon the American press which will seem not altogether inapplicable on this side of the Atlantic: "It is for good or for evil the most powerful influence that acts upon the public mind, the most powerful in itself, and is the channel through which most other influences act. If it would learn that an opponent is not necessarily an unprincipled and selfish adventurer, a traitor, a coward, and a knave; and that our neighbours,

on an average, are as honest and right-minded as ourselves, it would increase its own power, and the great interests of the country (which languish under the poison of our party bitterness) would be incalculably promoted."

Numbers thirteen and fifteen are full of delightful reminiscences of Abbotsford and Sir Walter Scott, though much of sadness clings to them: for all his family have passed away, and the magician's name alone is left. It fell to Mr. Everett's lot to take to Abbotsford upon his first visit the first copy of the Heart of Mid-Lothian which reached the family, "except the copy which had come in the shape of proof-sheets to the (as yet unadvised) author." Number fourteen contains an account of the prodigy which "became an historical fact on the 4th of March, 1789," i. e. the establishment of the present constitution of the United States, in the time of profound peace, by the voluntary consent of the whole people. In the sixteenth paper we are presented with a slight sketch of the Court of France in 1818 and its great personages: Louis the Eighteenth, with his corpulent figure and round unmeaning face; the Duchess d'Angoulême, heroic, sad, and austere; the Duke d'Angoulême, a short, thin, ordinary-looking man, affecting military freedom and pleasantries; the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles the Tenth; the Duke de Berri, short, stout, and hearty; and last, not least, the Duchess de Berri, whose devoted courage when her husband fell by the hand of an assassin, and when her son was driven from his hereditary throne, entitle her memory to lasting honour. The seventeenth paper is an outline of the life of Lord Erskine, and contains a letter from him to General Washington, in which Lord Erskine says, "You are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence." The eighteenth and nineteenth papers are Mr. Everett's reply to a request that he would state the cause of the financial crisis of 1857. Mr. Everett pronounces himself not wise enough to solve the problem satisfactorily, but the solution he proposes is, that "the whole country, individuals and communities, trading-houses, corporations, towns, cities, states, were labouring under a weight of debt, beneath which the ordinary business relations of the country were at length arrested, and the great instrument usually employed for carrying them on, CREDIT, broke down." Numbers twenty and twenty-one have for their subject Travelling, and some amusing extracts from the Journal of Madam Sarah Knight, who travelled from Boston to New York on horseback, in 1704, are given; accommodation in those days—especially for ladies—was anything but what it should be, according to Madam Knight, who says: "Being very hungry, I desired a fricasee, wch the Frenchman undertaking managed so contrary to my notion of Cookery, that I hastened to bed superless; And being shewd the way up a pair of stairs wch had such a narrow passage that I had almost stopt by the Bulk of my Body . . . Little Miss went to scratch up my Kennell wch Rus-

selled as if she'd bin in the Barn amongst the Husks, and suppose such was the contents of the tickin—nevertheless being exceeding weary, down I laid my poor Carkes. . . . Annon I heard another Russelling noise in ye Room—called to know the matter—Little Miss said she was making a bed *for the men*; who, when they were in Bed, complained their legges lay out of it by reason of its shortness." Madam Knight now-a-days would at least want a room to herself, and something softer than husks in the "tickin."

Number twenty-two is about Havre and Rouen: the importance of the former, owing to its position at the mouth of the Seine and to the American trade, is insisted upon; and in connexion with the latter, the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, the ignorance of William the Conqueror and his \times mark, the Maid of Orleans, Voltaire, Corneille, and Schiller, receive each some notice. Number twenty-three is a debate of the question "Will there be a war in Europe?" This has been answered by the thunder of artillery, a more persuasive sound than even Mr. Everett's oratory. In the twenty-seventh paper, Adams's Express and the Express system of the United States are discussed. The "mission of the Express, we learn, is not "the transportation of the heavy masses of merchandise" ordinarily, though sometimes, but "to carry parcels of considerable value in proportion to their size;" and the "Expressage" as a system "may be said to date . . . from 1840," under the management of Mr. Alvin Adams. The twenty-eighth paper is taken up principally with a description of a Mât de Cocagne, or greasy pole, and with a tribute to the memory of Coray, the great Modern Greek scholar and patriot. The twenty-ninth, thirtieth and thirty-first papers are filled with anecdotes and reminiscences of Prescott, Bond, Hallam, and Von Humboldt, whom Mr. Everett terms the Illustrious Dead of 1859; alas! before the year was out, he might have added the names of Washington Irving and Macaulay.

Italian Nationality is the theme of numbers thirty-two and thirty-three; Mr. Everett rescues the Italians from the charge of degeneracy, and asserts Unity of Government to be all they want for the establishment of an Independent Nationality. Since the Roman Empire broke up she has wanted this Unity of Government; and not until she again acquires it—derived, not as of old, from the strong authority of Rome, but from national love and patriotism—will she assume the position to which her natural advantages entitle her. The thirty-fourth paper is a treatise upon the Lighthouse, with an account of the disastrous result which attended the experiment of a screw-pile lighthouse upon Minot's Ledge, off Cohasset, Massachusetts: On April 16, 1851, during a terrific storm, the iron piles "snapped about six feet from the rock; and the lantern, after having fallen to an inclination of about 20°, thus presenting its flooring to the rushing waves, seemed to have been driven for-

ward with a force that tore the piles asunder:" the keepers, Joseph Wilson and Joseph Antonio, were lost. In the thirty-fifth of his papers, Mr. Everett inquires whether Prince Metternich should be added to the list of the Illustrious Dead of 1859; gives a sketch of the prince's career; and seems to hint that his question should be answered in the affirmative. The three next papers have already been spoken of as relating particularly to Washington. The following epigram, extracted from the thirty-ninth number, may be new to a reader or so:

Roquette, dans son temps,
Talleyrand dans le nôtre,
Furent évêques d'Autun;
Tartufe fut le surnom d'un,
Ah! si Molière eût connu l'autre!

which Mr. Everett considers he has "poorly translated" thus:

Two bishops have adorned Autun,
Roquette and this his modern brother;
Tartufe preserves the name of one,
Oh! had Molière but known the other!

and, certainly, the second line is open to improvement. The papers from forty to fifty-one included might be called Mr. Everett's Handbook from Lyons to Brieg, for in them he, with occasional anecdotes and descriptions, carries the reader with him in his travels from Lyons to Geneva; from Geneva to Chamouni and Mont Blanc, up the Montanvert, across the Mer de Glace, to the Jardin Vert; then back to Geneva to Rousseau's house; to Voltaire's château at Ferney; to Coppet, the residence of Madame de Staël; to Lausanne, to the house which the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, at the still hour of midnight, on the 27th June, 1787, penned, doubtless with a deep-drawn sigh of relief and yet regret, the last few lines of his mighty work; from Lausanne to Freyburg; from thence to Berne; from Berne to Sachseln, where St. Nicholas, or Brother Claus, as the peasantry affectionately call him, fights hard with the Evil One that the harvests may be abundant, and the flocks and the herds increase and multiply, and the produce of the dairy find a ready sale; from Sachseln to Stanz, Lucerne, Küssnacht, and the chapel of William Tell; thence to Goldau, Aloys Reding, Grutli, and the Tellensprung; from the Tellensprung to Altorf, the valley of the Reuss, the Valais, and Brieg; and so he bids farewell to Switzerland.

The forty-seventh paper is dedicated for the most part to a laudation of Sylvanus Wood, a shoemaker of diminutive stature, who, on the famous 19th April, 1775, being a volunteer, captured a whole British grenadier. You see, he threatened to shoot the Britisher (whom he came upon by surprise) if he didn't surrender; and not even six feet can receive a musket-shot with any degree of safety, though the trigger be pulled by a pigmy. The fifty-second paper is devoted to the memory of David Boon, the pioneer and first settler in Kentucky, whose exploits, trials, and troubles

are written for the enlightenment of the curious in the book of W. H. Bogart, called *Daniel Boon and the Hunters of Kentucky*. The last paper contains an account of the New York Ledger, its electrotyping, the number of "lighting-presses" (ten) kept constantly at work, the number of persons (forty-five about) employed in the press-room, the amount of their wages (four hundred dollars) per week, the number of copies of the Ledger (about four hundred thousand) printed weekly, and other interesting facts.

A FRENCH LOOKING-GLASS FOR ENGLAND.

WE all like to see ourselves: in fact, mirrors are an instinct, and, before glass and quicksilver were invented, nature and mother wit were at no loss for substitutes. Chloe used to make the quiet pool under the willows and the alders serve her turn, and the stately Roman matron built up her tower of frizzed curls, and gave the last magic touch of collyrium, by help of the polished plate of steel held up by her *ancilla*. We should retrograde into comparative barbarism without our toilet glasses to show us the outside form of civilisation. A mirror of our national English life lies now before us. It is from the workshop of M. Larcher, and assumes to be a careful and distinct representation of the country wherein you and I were born, and of the people whom we call our fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and friends.

M. Larcher informs me that my round eyes, and the round eyes of all my friends and compatriots, want vivacity; that our lower lips are loose and pendulous, offering the image of intemperance; that we wear our beards only on our cheeks, in the manner of the ancient gendarmes of the departments; that we know neither revenge nor hatred, and of love only the love of money; that we have an insane desire for strong emotions, as so much mental dram-drinking, and that our sole object in life is to amass sufficient wealth to buy these strong mental emotions; that we live to eat, and drink to get drunk; that we all dress and look exactly alike, from young Fitzbuddle of the Guards to the cross-ing-sweeper at the corner; that the sole distinguishing mark of our aristocracy is the ill-humour and insolent disdain imprinted on their countenances; that we all have the appearance of monstrous dolls moved by springs, all walking precisely alike, with arms glued to our sides, heads stiff and fixed, faces impassive, and clothes of the same pattern; that the very sight of us gives a lively Frenchman the spleen, which he can but escape by remembering that he is not condemned to live among us for ever; that we are impolite, dull, taciturn, and rude: only tolerable when we are abroad and have put our nationality in our pockets; and that we are horribly debauched, and not to be trusted with the hair of a French head. I also find that, owing to the generally jaded state of the national temper, and to that need of strong mental

dram-drinking spoken of before, the more horrible an event, the more it is enjoyed in England; that the tragic death of the poor Lion Queen in 1848 met with "an immense success;" and that the moment is not far off when our fatigued aristocracy will have recourse, for their amusement, to the exciting spectacle of men fighting with wild beasts, as at Ephesus or Bayonne. Indeed, I learn from M. Larcher, though I did not know it before, that a society of capitalists is already formed for the erection of a vast circus where men are to contend with bears. Turning over a few pages, I find that I consider the wife of my bosom as an inferior creature, and that she submits cheerfully to her degraded condition. (I always thought it was the other way; but I suppose I am mistaken in this also.) I find, too, that I believe in her fidelity only in proportion to her coldness and disdain to myself; that she is a greater slave to dress than a Parisienne, and that she sacrifices to this inexorable master every other duty and convenience of life. M. Larcher says that I did not marry for love. No one in England does; we only marry for a fortune, or to change the current of our griefs. Neither am I jealous—people never are jealous of inferior things, says M. Larcher, with his trenchant Gallic logic. Before I married Mrs. Jones she had had, I am informed, numerous lovers, so have had her sisters, so have all my countrywomen, who almost invariably forfeit their claim to a wedding garment of white; but we complaisant husbands do not fret about our ante-nuptial wrongs; we understand what this ante-nuptial must needs have been, and accept our portion with magnanimity. Provided our inferior creatures are faithful to us when we have got them, we never inquire into the number or condition of those to whom they have been unfaithful before us. This is the quiet, sober, unblushing opinion of an educated man, within two hours of England, concerning the morals and reputations of our fair young English girls! To conclude; woman here is a degraded being, with few illusions, and of slavish submission; knowing the fate reserved for her, and how she will one day marry a drunkard who will ill-treat her, and how she will pass the remainder of her life in bearing and bringing up her innumerable children, holding only the rank of an upper servant, she satisfies, embrates, and stupefies herself by eating like an ogress and drinking like a fish!

I never quite understood what the ladies did in the drawing-room after they had retired, and while we were left to our wine and walnuts; but I am no longer ignorant. M. Larcher obligingly explains to me that while I and the rest of the gentlemen sit in the dining-room, emptying our bottles of port, Madeira, Bordeaux, and champagne, my dear Mrs. Jones and her companions are emptying many bottles of cognac brandy in the drawing-room. This is a very different occupation from the mild gossip about servants, dress, and babies, which we men have a kind of traditionary faith forms the staple

of our wives' conversation among themselves, when they put their heads confidentially together on the state sofa by the fireplace. It will be a blessing, indeed, if, when we come up stairs half tipsy ourselves, we do not find the partners of our fortunes wholly so to receive us. They must have strong heads, if M. Larcher speaks the truth. Furthermore, I am told that, towards the age of forty, every "comme il faut" woman gets tipsy before she goes to bed, under pretence of stomach-ache and disordered digestion; and that there is not a woman of the lower classes who may not frequently be picked up out of the gutter. M. Larcher has many times assisted at such pickings up, and his services were thankfully accepted; for it always takes three men to manage a drunken English-woman.

But if M. Larcher is pitiless, what is MADAME FLORA TRISTAN? Let me give the whole name, with all possible typographical honour. What have I and my compatriots ever done to Madame Flora Tristan, that she should be so fierce and wrathful? and where, for goodness' sake, has Madame Flora been, to have ever stumbled upon the sights which she so graphically describes? I flatter myself that I know town pretty well; also, I am afraid, I know something of the "saloons" and "finishes" of which this pure-minded French person speaks; but I have never even heard of the things which she says she has seen with her own undoubted eyes, and certainly I have never seen anything in the remotest degree resembling them. I have never seen beautiful women in white satin and pearl diadems, forced to drink a horrible mixture of pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard, which naturally flings them into frightful convulsions, at which all the guests laugh and cheer; nor have I even seen these same beautiful women lying in a helpless mass of drunkenness on the floor, then brutally kicked by waiters out of their way, while each guest pours brandy, gin, and rum over their magnificent arms, and some tear their white satin dresses, and others spurn them with their feet.

M. Larcher is a man of extreme sensibility as well as of uneasy morality, and sees deeper into the millstone of hidden vice than most people would. Here follows an instance of his hedgehog-like propriety. He is invited to dine at the house of one of our richest men; indeed, one of the richest men on the globe. The house is marvellous, fairylike; everything most beautiful is there in profusion, and everything is perfect, from the largest to the smallest. The English millionaire throws a little ostentation into his entertainment, which is only for three persons; his object being to dazzle the French book-writer and his friend; but the ostentation is kindly meant, and the book-writer is not too critical, until the serpent peeps round the corner. Breakfast is served, when, to wait at table, appear three very pretty servant-maids; M. Larcher calls them daughters of Eve, and says that they are of a ravishing beauty. Most Englishmen, we think, would have accepted this

fact of female service in the house of a millionaire, as a peculiar characteristic, perhaps as an eccentricity; M. Larcher sees deeper. Immediately the viands choke him, the flowers fade, the gorgeous appointments are full of poison, and snakes' heads abound.

We are a bad, vile, mischancy set, every way; and our whole moral life may be photographed by one word—INTEREST. To our own interest we refer every moral and social question, while using all our science and cleverness to dissimulate and conceal this fact; we are also "the most greedy, the most selfish, the most egotistical people in Europe;" and the most inconsequent. We men, getting intoxicated, leave our wives and children to starve; some of us cast a hundred thousand francs at the feet of a public singer, but fly into a rage if our servants eat a few potatoes beyond their prescribed rations; others of us ostentatiously give two hundred and fifty thousand francs to a public subscription for the poor, but pitilessly deny a crust of bread to a famishing wretch. We are all alike; father, mother, wives, children; we all live only for ourselves, see only ourselves, seek only our own satisfaction. What wonder, then, that we are too vile for an honest sympathetic Frenchman, with this unbridled selfishness as the very root of our being?

It is notorious that I dance in an ungainly fashion. We English do not take our stand upon the minor graces; but is it true that I dance so ill that M. Larcher is forced to go into a retired corner and there personate Laughter, holding both his sides, for fear of splitting them, at my grotesqueness? I always thought that there was more to be seen at Mabile, than all the casinos of London could show. But M. Larcher knows best; he knows all infinitely better than I know myself; he knows all about me, from the richest man on the globe who asks me to breakfast, and causes me to be served by three ravishing daughters of Eve, to the drunken butler, who is to be found glorious at the "shop-house" (*maison boutique*, translates M. Larcher, for the benefit of his Parisian readers), or who, haply, may be heard of selling his wife at "Smith-field Marquet," or boating in a coal-barge on the river Tyne-Tyne—wherever that may be—I should have supposed, in China, but for M. Larcher's assurance.

In matters of religion, I find that I am not only abominably bigoted, but also under the command of the Archbishop Primalt to an extent I never dreamed of. So far as I am concerned, I always understood that the Archbishop Primalt was a highly venerable functionary, who allows me to marry, for a consideration; and to take possession of my inheritance, also for a consideration; but beyond this, that venerated ecclesiastic has had no perceptible influence over my life that I am aware of. Yet I find that he has not only absolute power over me, and over every one in his archbishopric, but that he even uses this power, and that we submit to it without a murmur. Thus, not long ago, he took umbrage at the fact that many of the Protestant

singers and actors at the various theatres were wont, on the Sundays, to lend their voices to the Catholic chapels, and to assist in rendering the music of the mass an imposing feature in the service. Acting on his reverend authority, he issued a circular forbidding his flock so to employ their voices; and his flock obeyed, doubtless, under pain of instant excommunication.

M. Larcher supplies this anecdote for the information of the lovers of truth: "Some years since, a rich citizen of London died, and left Miss B., who did not at all know him, a fortune amounting up to several millions. No one would be able to imagine the motive of this unexpected munificence. 'I beg,' he wrote, 'Miss B. to accept the gift of my entire fortune, too small to express the inexpressible sensations which, for three years, the contemplation of her adorable nose has given me.' Fearing some error or mystification, Miss B. inquired of the lawyers, who came to get her signature for the acceptance of the legacy, if the testator was interred? 'No,' replied they. 'Then conduct me to him!' Here the astonishment became general. 'It is he!' cries Miss B., on uncovering the face of the deceased. 'It is the man who for three years pursued me with his compliments and his verses in honour of my nose! At Hyde Park, at Covent Garden, he was always before me, and incessantly staring!' Miss B. deigned to accept the millions."

Cutting the leaves of this voracious volume in a sleepy, indolent kind of manner, I am suddenly aroused by finding that I never take off my hat to a lady, but only to a horse—the reason being, that a woman causes me to spend money, and a horse causes me to gain it: wherefore I love, pat, caress my horse, but in no wise love, pat, or caress my wife; nor do I salute any lady whatsoever, but only my favourite racer. I also find that my wife and sisters put trousers on the legs of their pianos, chairs, and tables; that they never talk of the leg of a fowl, or ask for a slice of leg of mutton, but prefer a modest request for the limb of a chicken, and desire a little slice of that limb of mutton. Anything else would be "very shocking," and would put English prudery quite out of countenance. Again, I find that I have no fruit worth eating, either in my garden or my greenhouse: that, with the exception of apples, gooseberries, and coarse black cherries, nothing ripens or comes to maturity; that my hot-house produces nothing but inodorous and tasteless monstrosities; and that the only thoroughly ripened fruit which I can offer to my friends is a baked apple. I grow nothing in perfection but grass; and cattle are the only really well fed and contented animals in my island. The people are notoriously ill fed; and I owe my existence to French ideas in stews and sauces.

When I give a rout, I send out from five to six thousand letters of invitation; I illuminate

the façade of my hotel, and turn every bedroom into a reception-room. My five or six thousand guests arrive with a remarkable punctuality; but, notwithstanding the care which I take in sending out my invitations, I never fail to receive among those guests, a certain number of thieves and pickpockets, who steal the ladies' cloaks and ornaments, and whose exploits are vaunted in the next day's journal with infinite complaisance. In these routs I find my greatest pleasure in intoxicating my guests—M. Larcher has seen me do it—and I close the debauch with tea, and grogs of brandy, gin, and rum; also with tea "laced" with rum—which, I am told, has been always a favourite beverage of mine. If I give a dinner, the ladies retire so soon as the bottles appear; one of my guests cries "ob-or-nob," which is a kind of table tocsin to warn the rest to prepare for toasts; and then we fall to drinking in earnest. M. Larcher magnanimously confesses that we do not drink so much as formerly, though we still only drink alcohol slightly flavoured with grape juice, as our nearest approach to wine, and still reject the purest and best growths as tasteless and insipid.

Of all people in the world we English are the most thievish. "To steal is not to sin," say our thieves, and every one *is* a thief. The only sin in cheating is in being found out; excepting for this, no English conscience is ever troubled by a theft. Government officials, merchants, tradespeople, gentry, lower orders, all steal, thief, rob, according to our respective opportunities, and we all enjoy a certain reputation and respect when we do it well. Thus, the professional thief is by no means disregarded among us; indeed, as he and the policeman are the sole polished members of English society, I suppose he is one of our most cherished institutions.

Drunken, selfish, immoral, cruel, greedy, avicious, jaded, dishonest. O M. Larcher! M. Larcher! Wonderfully informed man! A Daniel come (into the Lion's Den) to judgment!

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